



No. 98.—VOL. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
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MISS ADA REEVE AS THE SHOP-GIRL AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

*"Basket included, twenty pounds."  
"Isn't that a little warm?"  
"They are hot-house flowers, Sir."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

The Queen's dinner-party to-night included the Empress Eugénie and Mr. Cecil Rhodes.—The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York arrived in Berlin, and are staying with the Empress Frederick at the Palace.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha returned to Clarence House from Windsor.—The County Council resolved to build an asylum at a cost of £350,000.—Under the provisions of the Parish Councils Act, nominations for the election of vestrymen and guardians took place throughout London. Unusual interest is being taken in the contests, and a poll will be necessary in almost all the metropolitan parishes.—Read, the Southend murderer, was hanged at Chelmsford. His crime is strangely linked with that of the murder of an unfortunate in Holland Park Road, the supposed author of which was arrested to-day in Dublin. He is a weak-minded young man, named Reginald Sanderson, son of Mr. Llewellyn Traherne Bassett-Saunderson, of Brom Keen House, Co. Cavan, and of Lady Rachel Mary Scott, and a nephew of Colonel Sanderson, M.P. He had been in a home at Hampton Wick, and had become morbidly absorbed in Read's crime.—Armenian refugees at Athens have given an account of the state of things which led to their flight from their native country. They say that because a village in the province of Sassoun traded with another outside the boundary the Turkish troops made a raid and massacred many of the inhabitants. A rising followed in another village, which was razed to the ground. Thirty-two villages were destroyed.—Marshal Yamagata's health has given way, and he is returning to Japan. He will be succeeded in the command of the army in Manchuria by General Nodzu, who conducted the campaign in Corea until after the victory of Ping Yang, and has, since then, served with the Marshal.

Wednesday.

The Emperor William opened the session of the Reichstag in the Knights' Hall of the Royal Castle, and, after his speech from the throne, proceeded to the new Parliamentary building, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1884, and has cost £1,500,000, nearly the whole of which sum had been set aside out of the French war indemnity. The building is on one side of the King's Square, facing the Column of Victory that bears the heavy iron (now gilded) trophies of the wars of 1864, '66, and '70-71. Much adverse criticism has been directed against the architect of the new building, which a critic once described as the "acme of bad taste."—Mr. Balfour, speaking at Nottingham, said that at present the country was being treated to a spectacle discreditable to English statesmanship—that of a Cabinet which had started a revolutionary movement which it could not, and scarcely cared to, control. He did not believe the country would allow the Constitution to become the plaything of wirepullers. Lord Spencer told the electors of Wolverhampton a very different story. He said the difference between the two Houses was permanent.—Mr. Labouchere, at Norwich, declared that there was no more reason why the Bishops of the Church of England should legislate for us than that Jewish Rabbis should do so.—Lord Carrington, at Camborne, said the state of things brought about by the House of Lords could not be permitted to continue.—Sir Thomas S. Bazley declines to continue his subscription to the Manchester Liberal Unionist Association on the ground that Liberal Unionism is fast becoming a synonym for Toryism.—Mr. Matthews, at Birmingham, said he wanted to see "the trade" itself reform the public-house.—In the Queen's Bench Division Major Hambrough lost his action against the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York to recover the amount of two policies for £10,000 each on the life of the late Cecil Hambrough.

Thursday.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York arrived in London this morning on their return from Russia, and were met by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the Duke of Cambridge.—Lord Kimberley, entertained at the Eighty Club, raised as his objection to the Lords, not that they voted one way or another, but that they did not take an active and intelligent interest in the government of the country, which was the principle of Democracy.—Mr. R. B. Finlay was entertained at dinner at the Criterion Restaurant by the Liberal-Unionist Club.—Speaking on old-age pensions, Mr. Chamberlain said that unless something were done to relieve friendly societies from their present embarrassments, there would be serious results for the societies and the nation.—At the first meeting of the new School Board for London, Mr. L. Stanley nominated the Rev. T. W. Sharpe, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, as chairman, and Mr. Diggle nominated Lord George Hamilton. Upon a division, Lord George Hamilton was elected by twenty-nine against twenty-six. General Moberley was nominated by the Moderates as Vice-Chairman, and was also elected by a majority of three.—There was a conference at the Board of Trade Offices of representatives of the interests concerned in the promotion of light railways. The President of the Board, Mr. Bryce, occupied the chair, and after some discussion a committee was appointed to inquire into the subject and to report to the conference before the end of January.—A Frenchman, employed as night watchman at the Café Royal, Regent Street, was early this morning found in an unconscious condition on the floor near the cashier's office, with two bullet-wounds in his head. He died in the afternoon. He is believed to have been shot by burglars.—The French Senate passed the Madagascar Credits Bill by 267 votes against 3.—M. Henry Houssaye, the historian, was elected a member of the French Academy. M. Zola, who was a candidate for the fifteenth time, failed to obtain a supporter.

Friday.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps died this afternoon at his country house, the Château de la Chesnaye, in his ninetyeth year. Born at Versailles, he entered the Diplomatic Service at the age of twenty, and in 1831 he was transferred to Egypt, where his intrepid courage during the plague of 1834-35 procured him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. That was his first connection with the land of the Pharaohs. In 1854 he drew up his first report on the possibility of making the Suez Canal, and he began the work in 1859, which was completed ten years later. In 1875 he undertook to pierce the Isthmus of Panama. The failure of that work and the disgrace in which it plunged Lesseps is a matter of recent history.—The Home Secretary, speaking in the Queen's Hall, contended that civic patriotism was the power and municipal institutions were the means by which the best and most hopeful efforts might be made to refine the conditions and raise the level of our common London life.—The Earl of Orford died in his eighty-second year.—The French Foreign Minister instructed M. Le Myre de Vilers to inform the Hova Government of the decision of the French Parliament to employ arms to enforce respect for the rights of France.—M. Camille Dreyfus, an ex-Deputy, and the managing editor of the *Nation*, has been arrested at his residence in Paris, in connection with the blackmailing scandals.

Saturday.

The Liberals have lost Brigg, for Mr. J. M. Richardson (C) has beaten Mr. H. J. Reekitt (L) by 77 votes. At the General Election the Liberal Candidate, Mr. Waddy, Q.C., got in with a majority of 427 votes. Mr. Richardson, who was born in 1846, has contested the constituency twice. The Attorney-General, Sir R. Reid, addressing his constituents at Lochmaher, declared that, despite the election results in Forfarshire and at Brigg, the recent Liberal proposals would be triumphant. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, speaking at Uppermill, Saddleworth, said the Liberals would yet regain Brigg.—At the dinner of the Foreign Press Association, Mr. Fletcher, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in responding to the toast of the English Press, said the world was governed neither by sovereigns, statesmen, nor newspapers, but by influences as irresistible as the tides, and it was the business of statesmen to interpret those influences, and make human laws conform to them.—Sir Joseph Barnby and Mrs. Ormiston Chant are seriously ill.—Lord Eglinton was hunting with his hounds at High Martnaham, Ayrshire, when his horse overleaped itself, and fell heavily on the rider. The muscles of his back are so severely strained that it is doubtful whether he will be able to mount the saddle again.—Yvette Guilbert electrified the audience at the Empire by singing "Linger Longer, Loo," in English.—Young Sanderson, who is charged with the murder of the unfortunate in Holland Park Road, was remanded at the West London Police Court. A letter written by him to the police, confessing the murder and signed "Jack the Ripper," was read in court.—A spinster lady at Windsor died at the age of 104. She was in Paris at the time of Waterloo.

Sunday.

This was the Tercentenary of the birth of Gustavus Adolphus, and was celebrated over Sweden and Germany. Of course, Stockholm took the lead with gala performances at the theatres, torchlight processions, illuminations, sermons, and banquets without end. In Berlin a meeting was held to further the scheme for raising a sum to be devoted to some memorial object in honour of the great Swedish King. The speech of the day was made by the historian, Professor Von Treitschke, who spoke of Gustavus as the saviour of German evangelical liberty, and as the Augustus of the North, who united national martial pride with the seriousness of evangelical faith. The town of Wismar, not far from Rostock, on the Baltic, could still be legally claimed by Sweden if certain conditions should be fulfilled. No municipal deed or conveyance of landed property is drawn up without the clause "saving the rights of the Crown of Sweden."—The President and Vice-President of the German Reichstag were received by the Emperor, who talked with them for half an hour on various subjects, and on the recent conduct of the Socialists in that Assembly. He did not regard the matter as a personal offence, but rather looked upon it as an attack on the Constitution of the Empire.—Mr. Le Gallienne addressed the Playgoers' Club on "The World, the Flesh, and the Puritans."—Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh were married at St. Mathias Church, South Kensington.—Early this morning the police arrested an Italian in connection with the murder of the night porter of the Café Royal.—A woman who was sentenced to death at the Notts Assizes on Thursday for drowning her illegitimate child in the Trent was reprieved to-day.

Monday.

The approach of Christmas was heralded by the opening of the Annual Show (the ninety-seventh, by the way) of the Smithfield Club. The number of cattle, 339, has never been exceeded, and that of sheep, 221, only once. A new feature was an exhibition of table poultry, organised by Sir Walter Gilbey. Over 1000 dead chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea-fowls, and pigeons were on view.—Grouse and black game shooting ended.—Has Russian Poland fallen on happier days? At any rate, General Gourko has been succeeded as Governor-General by Count Schouvaloff. Both he and General Gourko gained many friends at Berlin at a time when the relations with Russia were often strained, and he has been fortunate enough to help to bring about greatly improved relations between Russia and Germany.—It is declared that the Russian Government will abstain from all intervention in Armenian affairs.



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Navy Stores, 103, Victoria Street, S.W.; Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria  
Street, E.C.; Civil Service Co-operative Society, 28, Haymarket, S.W.; of Hernu, Peron, and Co.,  
98 and 100, Queen Victoria Street; and of A. Jakins and Co., 99, Leadenhall Street (Leadenhall  
House), E.C.; 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.; and Red Cap, 6, Camden Road.

DEC. 22 and 24, additional trains will be run to meet requirements of traffic. The 10.40 p.m.  
express from King's Cross, which does not usually run beyond Berwick on Saturday nights, will,  
on Saturday, Dec. 22, and Monday, 24, be run through to Edinburgh, and be due in Edinburgh  
at 10.15 a.m. on Dec. 23 and 25. Monday, Dec. 24, the 5 p.m. express from King's Cross will be  
continued to Melton Constable, calling at all stations east of Peterborough. A Special Express,  
at ordinary fares, will leave London (King's Cross) at 12 midnight on Monday, Dec. 24, for  
Welwyn, Stevenage, Hitchin, Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neot's, Huntingdon, Peterborough,  
Spalding, Boston, Grimsby, Grantham, Lincoln, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster,  
Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Selby, York, &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY, the trains will run as on Sundays, except that the 5.15 a.m. Express from  
King's Cross (at ordinary fares) will be run to Peterborough, Bourne, Stamford, Grantham,  
Lincoln, Nottingham, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, and Halifax, stopping at the inter-  
mediate stations at which it ordinarily calls, and will be continued to York, Newcastle, Edinburgh,  
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Victoria (L. C. & D.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross (G. N.).  
Passengers by the excursion on Dec. 21 return on Wednesday, 26, or Saturday, 29, and those by  
the excursion on Dec. 28 return on Wednesday, Jan. 2, or on Friday, Jan. 4.

TICKETS AT A SINGLE FARE FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY will also be issued by  
these excursions to places named, available for return on any day within eight days, including  
days of issue and return.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22, cheap express excursions will be run from London (Victoria,  
Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, and King's Cross (G. N.)), to Cambridge, Lynn, Norwich,  
Cromer, Yarmouth, Lincoln, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Tutbury, Stoke, Sheffield,  
Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Halifax, Hull, York,  
Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, &c.

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's stations and town  
offices.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

LONDON, KING'S CROSS, Dec. 1894.

**SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY**  
ARRANGEMENTS.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS from London to the West of England, North and South Devon,  
Plymouth, the Somerset and Dorset Line (not on Sunday or Christmas Day), Weymouth, Dor-  
chester, Poole, Bournemouth, &c., will be issued by all trains on Dec. 22, 23, 24, and 25, available  
to return up to and including Dec. 29.

TO GUERNSEY and JERSEY on Dec. 22, 24, and 25, at a fare of 25s., available by any train  
or boat for 14 days.

On Dec. 22, an EXTRA TRAIN will leave Waterloo at 4.45 p.m. for the Salisbury, Yeovil,  
Exeter, and the WEST OF ENGLAND Lines. On Dec. 22 and 24, SPECIAL LATE TRAINS  
will leave Waterloo at 10.15 p.m. for Salisbury, Yeovil, and EXETER, and intermediate Stations,  
and at 12.10 MIDNIGHT FOR EXETER, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD,  
DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, and other Stations in South and North Devon, &c. The 5 p.m.  
train from Waterloo will convey passengers to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bideford, and other North  
Devon Stations, also to Sidmouth, Exeter, Tavistock, Plymouth, &c. The Cheap Tickets will be  
issued by these trains.

On SUNDAY, Dec. 23, and CHRISTMAS DAY, Dec. 25, the 11 a.m. Train from Waterloo will  
convey passengers to Ilfracombe.

On CHRISTMAS DAY SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Waterloo as under, calling at principal  
intermediate Stations. At 5.50 a.m. for Basingstoke, Salisbury, EXETER, Tavistock, PLYMOUTH,  
Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, &c. At 8.5 a.m. for SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH  
HARBOR (for Ryde), Gosport, Romsey, Salisbury, Christchurch, Bournemouth, Lymington,  
Yarmouth, &c. The 8.30 a.m. train from Waterloo to Yeovil will be extended to Exeter, calling at  
intermediate Stations. At 9.30 a.m., FAST TRAIN at cheap fares for Southampton West,  
New Forest, and Bournemouth.

For further particulars of additional Trains, facilities to the Isle of Wight, return special  
late trains from country stations, on Wednesday, Dec. 26, and Thursday, Dec. 27, &c., see  
Programmes.

Tickets can be obtained beforehand at the South-Western Company's West-End Office,  
30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross;  
the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West. HANDBILLS can also be obtained at any  
of the above offices, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—ORDINARY**  
RETURN TICKETS for distances under 12 miles issued on Saturday, Sunday or Monday,  
Dec. 22, 23, and 24, are available for the return journey up to the evening of the following  
Wednesday, and those issued at any time for distances from 12 to 50 miles eight days, and for  
distances over 50 miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return.

Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 21, 22, and  
23, to or from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including  
Thursday, Dec. 27, as per Special Bills.

**PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA**  
TRAINS Dec. 22 and 24. The Fast Train leaving Victoria at 4.55 p.m. and London  
Bridge 5 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin,  
Ventnor (First, Second, and Third Class). Also to Newport and Cowes on Dec. 24 only.

On MONDAY, DEC. 24, A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Ventnor 7.28 a.m., calling at all  
Stations to Ryde Pier, in connection with a Boat at 8.5 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join  
8.45 a.m. Fast Train to London (First, Second, and Third Class).

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.**  
First-Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Returning by any Train  
the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

Pullman Cars are run in these Trains, returning from Brighton 5 p.m. and 8.40. Special Cheap  
Fare, including Pullman Car, 12s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast**  
Trains every Week-day.

From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to  
Eastbourne only.

From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.** For the convenience of  
Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking  
Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of  
Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight,  
Paris, and the Continent, &c. :—

The Company's West End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand  
Hotel Buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand.

99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road.

Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove.

Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

Jakin's, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.

Myers, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road.

The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.

Ordinary Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

For further particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order)

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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Dec. 12, 1894.

Signature .....





THE LATE M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



## THE LATE MISS VICTORIA VOKES.

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

The history of few theatrical families is sadder than that of the famous Vokes troupe, all of whom but one have died while in the very prime of life. The death of Miss Victoria Vokes, at her house in St. John's Wood, last week, has a pathetic interest at this time of the year, for this was the season when the family, in its early days, were preparing with all haste for the pantomimes, in which they excelled. There was originally five of them—Jessie, Victoria, Rosina, Fred, and Fawdon, and they appeared together in "Humpty-Dumpty" at the Lyceum in 1868, to be followed by eleven years at Drury Lane. Their last pantomime appearance in town was at the "Lane" in 1879-80, when Sir Augustus Harris started his career with "Bluebeard." Then they plunged into the



MISS VOKES.

provinces, and one after another of them has passed away. First Jessie died, in 1884. Four years later, Fred died, in his forty-sixth year. Only last February, Rosina (Mrs. Cecil Clay) was cut off at the early age of thirty-six; and now Victoria has gone, in her forty-first year. She began her stage career at the age of two, when she figured in "The Avalanche," at the Surrey Theatre, where she shared with her sisters all the children's parts for some years. Then she supported Barry Sullivan at the St. James's in such rôles as the Duke of York in "Richard the Third" and the boy in "William Tell," and in 1861 she appeared with her brothers and sisters as one of the "Vokes Children" in an entertainment similar to that in which they afterwards became so popular. The *répertoire* of the children was largely invented by themselves, their most successful piece being "The Belles of the Kitchen." Victoria had an excellent voice, and used to take part in some of the sacred concerts given at Drury Lane on Ash Wednesdays. She showed genuine dramatic power, too, her appearances as Amy Robsart, which she played in 1871, after Adelaide Neilson had temporarily left Drury Lane, and as Margery in "Rough Diamond," getting special commendation. The troupe separated on the marriage of the late Miss Rosina Vokes with Mr. Cecil Clay, and since then Miss Victoria Vokes had lived for the most part in retirement. Her last appearance in London was in the summer of 1891, when she successfully undertook the rôle of Mrs. O'Braggerty in H. A. Sherburn's farcical comedy, "Hubby," produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre on May 25 of that year. The funeral of the deceased actress took place on Thursday at Brompton Cemetery, where she was laid in the family vault. The chief mourners were Mrs. Vokes, the aged mother, Mr. Cecil Clay, and Mr. and Mrs. Fawdon Vokes. There was a numerous assemblage at the graveside, among those present being Mr. William Terriss and Miss Clara Jecks. Conspicuous among the many floral tokens of affection and regard was a single wreath which almost covered the coffin, and was sent by the members of the Drury Lane Fund, through the secretary, Mr. Terriss. Wreaths were also received from Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. Anderson Critchett, and other professional and private friends of the popular actress. She had lived for some years in retirement, but her death must bring to the minds of playgoers all over the English-speaking world many pleasant recollections of her and the clever family of which she was so distinguished a member.

## HOW ACTORS TRAVEL.

In theatrical life perhaps the most important change of recent years has been the rapid growth of "touring," which is, of course, primarily traceable to the improved means of transit afforded by our railways. Being desirous of obtaining first-hand information on the subject, I was pleased to find myself the other day seated in a cosy office at Euston Station with Mr. J. Wright, the theatrical traffic agent of the North Western Railway, on the one side of me, and Mr. P. C. Walker, who acts in the same capacity for the Great Northern, on the other. The fact that these two gentlemen (whose companies are keen rivals for traffic at many points) could thus meet me on common ground to chat over their special business is good evidence of the harmonious spirit which prevails in this department of railway enterprise. In the absence of such a spirit, indeed, many of the facilities now given to theatrical managers would not be possible. Let us take, as an illustration of this point, a sort of cross-country tour by no means uncommon, and suppose that a dramatic company wishes to travel from Hull to Cardiff, calling at Derby and Birmingham *en route*. To do this, it must pass over the lines of the North-Eastern, Great Northern, North-Western, and Great Western Companies. Now, if one of these railways gave special terms and another did not, no through tickets could be issued, and the theatrical manager would be put to the expense and inconvenience of four separate bookings. But an agreement is in force between the various railways for all others to accept the special coupons issued by the company with which the tour starts. It is impossible, I was told, to lay down any general rule as to the precise basis of the special terms given, as so much depends on the route travelled and the time occupied; but that is a poorly booked tour on which some reduction below the ordinary fares cannot be made, and most managers now know their business sufficiently well to be able to effect considerable economy in this way. Sometimes, however, a tour has to be booked hurriedly, or dates fall through owing to some unlooked-for cause, as, for instance, a fire at a theatre. Return tickets are issued at a single fare and a quarter for the double-journey only when the same ground can be covered twice within seven days in England, and within fourteen between England and Scotland or Ireland, and it is but occasionally that tours can be booked in this way. As a rule, a manager's motto should be "Onward," in a bee-line, if possible, with towns not too far apart, so as to keep down the average fare. But, after all, the railway-fare is probably a small consideration with a manager who knows his ground, when weighed against the chances of a good house. Of course, with the large combination, fares



MISS VOKES.

are a greater item than with the small companies, but people who do business on this scale can generally afford to pay five or even ten shillings per head extra to reach a town which is marked A1 on their list. But a theatrical manager who takes a circular ticket reaps another important advantage, in addition to the cheapened fare, for the railway company which issues the ticket acts as agent for him with all other railways during the tour, making all his arrangements with these free of charge, so that when he comes into a town he finds that the officials know all his requirements beforehand. Indeed, several managers never think of travelling except on coupon, whether there is a saving in fare to be effected or not.



## YEOMANRY PICTURES BY MR. J. C. MATHEWS.

*Exhibited at Messrs. Reynolds's Gallery, St. James's Street, S.W.*

This exhibition, for which the pencil of Mr. J. C. Mathews is responsible, is one of those which naturally appeal, apart from any artistic value, to a patriotic public. Why the presentation of uniform and military attitude any more than the actual thing itself should have any power to fire the blood, is a problem for which patriotism, however, is not a completely adequate solution. There is a satisfaction in finely appointed accoutrements, in the beauty of masculine muscle finely trained, in the action and activity of a good mount, and in the spectacle of vigorous and healthy exercise. Mr. Mathews thoroughly enters into the spirit of his subject. He has studied it with a peculiar carefulness, and with a delight in it which is born of intimate sympathies. This, to begin with, is satisfactory. But Mr. Mathews, as an artist, has this singular distinction, that he is an excellent draughtsman. He draws boldly, accurately, and well, and he shows at all times a sense of composition and a breadth of style which have nothing in them niggling, nothing small.

For, as a matter of fact, dignity is Mr. Mathews' peculiar characteristic. He has a sense of the statuesque which has in it something akin to the



MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY.



LEICESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY (PRINCE ALBERT'S OWN).

classic. When he is at his best in this regard, his subject becomes merely the excuse for art, and it would not be easy to give him higher praise than this. Some of his mounted figures in repose have a beauty of pose in them for which only an artist—of some kind or another—could be responsible. We do not pretend that his is the best kind of art; we are even venture-some enough to prefer Lady Butler's work, both as draughtsmanship and as sympathetic productions. And Lady Butler's extraordinary power in representing action, perhaps, dulls one's admiration of Mr. Mathews in the same rôle. Nevertheless, Mr. Mathews has a very pretty talent for the representation of movement. Certain of his charges are executed with infinite spirit, in which horses and men move with the true movement of life. They are vital, inspiring, vigorous, and even at times gay. His horses, on occasions of this sort, are particularly good; they are subtly drawn and spiritedly conceived. We are content to conclude that, though Mr. Mathews cannot, æsthetically, be considered an eminent artist, he is a very vigorous, satisfactory, and sympathetic draughtsman.



DERBYSHIRE YEOMANRY.



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## A CHAT WITH MISS ADDIE CONYERS.

The fog of a December day was just dispersing in favour of some gleams of sunshine, when I made my way to the daintiest of little flats in Shaftesbury Avenue, where Miss Addie Conyers resides.

"I am really hardly awake yet," said my pretty and vivacious hostess, as we settled ourselves before the cheerful fire. "This week we are playing *matinées* daily, in addition to the evening performances of 'Little Christopher Columbus,' so I seem to live at the theatre, and am inclined to do nothing; but a period of rest is within sight. The part of Christopher, though it is a very lovely one, is fatiguing, with so many changes of costume. Seven times I have to dress, and it just happens that my dressing-room is a long way from the stage, so that from first to last I don't have five minutes in which I can sit down during the performance."

"But you like your part?"

"Oh, immensely," answered Miss Conyers with enthusiasm. "It is the best part I have ever had; but I was terribly frightened about it.



Photo by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.

MISS ADDIE CONYERS.

First of all, I had to succeed two favourite Christophers; then I had only a week in which to learn songs, dance, words, and everything, and during that time I was so ill that some of the rehearsals had to be arranged here in my flat for me, and I was not allowed to sing part of the time, so altogether I don't believe I had a couple of proper rehearsals at the theatre."

"What were you doing before then?"

"I was just home from a tour in South Africa, and had made an engagement to appear in Paris, when I was taken ill, and I had to cancel it. Now I am due at the Alhambra, but they have let me off to play in 'Little Christopher.'"

"I think you have appeared in many far-off lands as well as in London?"

"Yes, I have travelled enormously on account of my profession. Not to speak of the provinces and Berlin, I have acted in America, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa. I am immensely fond of these trips. First of all, I am an excellent sailor, and I think a sea voyage an ideal holiday. You can have no business, no letters, and no telegrams to claim your attention, and all the amusements and luxuries of life, on board a steamer. I have started off for another continent on the shortest notice. I decided to accept an offer for Australia with only a week in which to get ready, and last March I received a telegram, 'Can you sail

for Africa March 24?' I wired back 'Certainly; let me have full particulars,' and I was off four days later; and yet, do you know, when I went to America in Mr. George Edwardes's Gaiety Company, my first trip, I cried every night for a fortnight—it seemed such a dreadful undertaking; but I am quite over that home-sickness now," finished Miss Conyers smilingly.

"How did you begin your career?"

"It was always my ambition to go on the stage from the time when, as a tiny child, I was taken to see the pantomime at Newcastle, where we were then living. I thought the 'leading boy' quite an angel in those days, and"—merrily—"I am not sure if I did not think myself something like it when, for the first time, I donned a lovely golden wig."

"You have played many boys' parts?"

"I was Jack in 'Jack and the Beanstalk' at the Brighton pantomime before I went to America, Faust in 'Faust Up to Date,' Carmen in 'Carmen Up to Date,' 'Boy Blue' in the Edinburgh pantomime of 'Little Red Riding Hood,' Robin Hood at Manchester last Christmas, and now Christopher. I feel quite unaccustomed to wearing skirts on the stage, though I had to play the part of Marguerite for a week in Australia, when Miss Marian Hood twisted her ankle. That was in the Gaiety Company which Mr. George Musgrave engaged for Australia, and included Mr. Lonnen, Miss Marian Hood, Miss Alice Lethbridge, and others. We went out to a certain engagement of twenty weeks and stayed eighteen months. I visited the Maori Settlement when we were in New Zealand, and altogether I really enjoyed my travels immensely."

"Some of your work has been connected with the halls, I think?"

"Yes; I was at the Pavilion for about eight months, singing 'Funiculi, Funicula,' and another little song. I went on one Saturday night, and the next thing that happened was they offered me an engagement for three years. I was in a variety company in South Africa too. Among my ventures was taking a company of my own on tour for six months in 'Nita's First'; but I think," said Miss Conyers sagely, "that, on the whole, I prefer a good engagement to the cares of management."

"And the future?"

"That is still uncertain. I have had several offers, and I should like just such another good part."

Then came the inevitable hunt, through photos small and photos large, framed and loose, to decide in which picture Miss Conyers' bright blue eyes and vivacious countenance were taken to greatest advantage. After that, a look round at some views of the distant countries where the versatile actress has been seen and admired, and then I resolutely turned my back on the charmingly furnished little flat—which Miss Conyers assured me would be much prettier when she had quite settled down—and made my way into Shaftesbury Avenue, bearing off a collection of photos with me.

L. E. B.

## SPANISH COOKERY.

It is a sad fact that there are but few places in London where a properly dressed salad is obtainable. Your modern *chef* would appear to be unable to give you salad in perfection. I have been dining lately at several of London's highly famed and highly priced restaurants, and I have noticed this grave defect in the cuisine. Faulty dressing is bad, but it was given to a well-known place to go one worse a few nights back. They absolutely brought me a lettuce salad that had been cut with a knife, and covered with some highly noxious compound in the way of a patent salad-dressing. You can get good salad in the French and Italian restaurants round Soho, but for the best in the world you must go to Spain. The recipe there is peculiar. Mustard and egg are not tolerated, and oil is to vinegar in the proportion of three to one. The leaves of the salad are plucked and wrung dry; various savoury herbs are chopped up on a plate at your side, and the dressing is only poured over the leaves when you are just ready to eat them. The vinegar is mixed with an equal part of water, but this is, I imagine, on account of its strength. I do not wish any harm to the barbarian who first invented a compound salad-dressing, but should like him to taste a salad dressed by a Seville *chef*, and then be condemned to take his own concoction for the rest of his unnatural life, which would not, I think, be long.

Speaking of Spanish cookery reminds me of the fact that it is execrably bad. In praising the salad, I have, perhaps, praised everything I can, the ordinary cuisine being mainly composed of grease and garlic. This is what you get in good hotels at large towns, and in the country it is worse. You can't get good fish in the interior, and the meat is always bad, owing to the fact that they breed for the bull-ring first and the butcher's shop afterwards. Beef is lean and stringy, with little or no fat; while to make up for this deficiency the Spaniards use oil. For some reason roast meat is rare, and stewed meat reigns in its stead; while of late even the wine of the country has gone up in price. The poorer classes have a weakness for the flesh of bulls that have died in the bull-ring, and will eat it with great enjoyment. Of course, such meat is absolutely unfit for human food, but their enthusiasm would appear to aid digestion. Grapes and oranges are the best things to be had, and on these, together with indifferent bread and somewhat thin wine, thousands of the inhabitants subsist. The national dish is, I believe, still called *olla podrida*, and is a weird and liver-defying concoction, in which beef, chicken, pork, peas, lettuces, cabbages, garlic, peppers, onions, and innumerable other vegetables play leading rôles. I tasted it once when I had just reached years of indiscretion. I should hesitate to do so now.

B.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to proceed to the Continent at the end of March, so that she may be comfortably settled in Italy before Easter. It is doubtful whether her Majesty will be able to go to Naples, and almost definitely arranged that she will pay another visit to Florence, and possibly finish her stay in Italy by a short residence at the royal Castle of Monza, near Milan, which King Humbert has placed at her disposal. The Castle of Monza was formerly the residence of the Austrian Viceroy of Lombardy, and is a magnificent residence, surrounded by beautiful gardens and grounds. On her way home, the Queen is to pay her long-promised visit to the Emperor of Germany. The projected visit to Italy will be abandoned should the rheumatism from which her Majesty has suffered so much of late give further trouble, and then the Queen will go to Aix-les-Bains instead, to try what a course of the waters there will do towards relieving this painful and tiresome malady.

The Queen has had many discussions with Lord Carrington about the new regulations to be introduced with regard to the Drawing Rooms for next year, and it is now almost certain that her Majesty will not personally hold any more of these functions. It is proposed that the Queen shall instead hold a "Court" at Buckingham Palace, for which invitations will be issued by the Lord Chamberlain to the Corps Diplomatique, Ministers, ex-Ministers, those personages who have the privilege of the *entrée*, and such other fortunate individuals as her Majesty may personally select. At this Court the Queen will receive all the company herself, so the number of invitations must necessarily be strictly limited. The proposed Court will not interfere with the ordinary Drawing Rooms, which will be held, as usual, at Buckingham Palace by the Princess of Wales, the Princess Christian, or other conveniently available royalty.

There is morning service in the private chapel every morning, and twice on Sunday, while the Court is at Windsor Castle. This chapel is at the north-east corner of the upper ward, and was used as a music-room during the reign of George IV. It was designed by Sir Jeffry Wyatville, and many of the details are copied from the chapel of New College, Oxford. The windows are filled with very fine stained-glass, and the panelling and seats are of oak, the latter covered with crimson velvet. There is a magnificent gold communion service, given by Queen Anne, and a font of massive gold, which always attracts the attention of the visitor. The Royal pew communicates with a gallery running round the chapel, which affords a private way to the altar for her Majesty and the other members of the Royal Family. The Dean of Windsor officiates as domestic chaplain to the Queen, and the Vicar of New Windsor is the reader, this office being attached to his benefice, with an honorarium of £200 per annum for the very perfunctory duties he has to perform.

The Princess of Wales's birthday was, of course, shorn of all its usual festivities this year, as no guests could be invited to Sandringham, and the ball, generally given to their Royal Highnesses' tenants and neighbours in honour of the event, had also to be postponed to a more convenient season. The date of the return of the Princess of Wales is still quite uncertain, and it is probable that she will spend Christmas in Denmark. The Prince of Wales is to leave Sandringham for the season about Jan. 22, and will then go abroad for some time. Before leaving England the Prince will visit Windsor for a memorial service on the anniversary of the funeral of the Duke of Clarence, and will also stay for a few days at Osborne with the Queen.

Various additional improvements have recently been carried out at Osborne, and there is now ample accommodation for the Court *entourage*. The Queen purchased Osborne House in 1848, and it was then only a very small property, but as her Majesty has availed herself of every opportunity for adding to the estate, it is now of considerable extent. Enormous sums were expended upon the gardens and grounds, and it is a whole day's work to even partially examine them. The excellent pheasant-shooting on the estate, which was in old days always reserved for the special delectation of John Brown, is now usually placed at the disposal of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

No recent marriage in the theatrical world has had such an interest attaching to it as the wedding of Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, which took place on Sunday afternoon at St. Mathias' Church, Earl's Court. It is practically a union of Church and Stage, for Miss Vanbrugh is one of the clever daughters of Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter. She made her first stage appearance at Toole's Theatre in 1886 by "walking on" in "Faust and Loose," and put in a two years' apprenticeship with Miss Sarah Thorne. Her most recent appearance was as the love-sick Countess Olivia in "Twelfth Night." Her love-sickness is now satisfied. Mr. Bourchier, who has been released by Sir Augustus Harris from his part in "The Derby Winner," to appear, very appropriately, in Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, "Slaves of the Ring," at the Garrick, made his reputation as an amateur actor at Oxford, his first professional engagement being with Mrs. Langtry in 1889. He has played at the St. James's, the Shaftesbury (in "Mr. Richards," of which he was part author), and Daly's. The wedding on Sunday was attended by a host of theatrical celebrities.

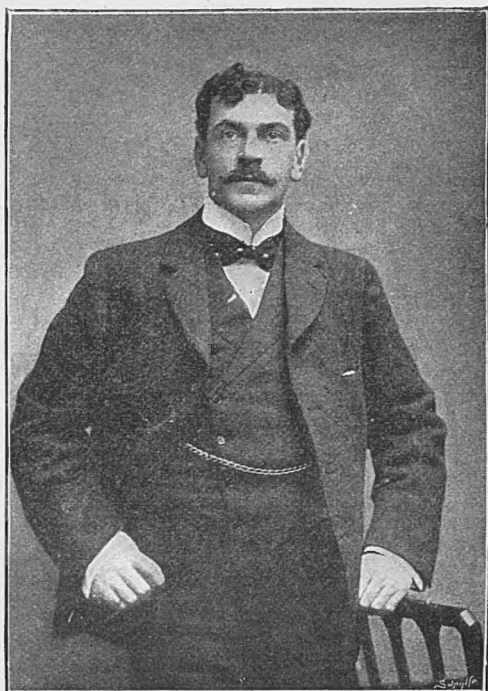
It must be something like thirty years ago that I first had the pleasure of seeing the late Mr. James Weatherby at the house of a mutual friend, and I well remember that he took my boyish fancy as a most genial old gentleman, though he was, I suppose, not much more than fifty at that time. In later years, when I have often met the senior partner of the old-established firm in Old Burlington Street—who, as all the sporting world knows, are the publishers of the Racing Calendar and the agents of the Jockey Club—my first impressions have

been more than confirmed with regard to Mr. Weatherby's unvarying courtesy and geniality. He was not only an excellent judge of horses and a lover of them, but, what is by no means always the case, an excellent horseman, and active as a young man up to the time of his serious illness, some two years ago. "Old Jem Weatherby" had been intimately connected with the Turf through all his long life, and his wonderful knowledge of the "sport of kings" and his unvarying tact had won for him the friendship of many a "noble sportsman."

In appearance Mr. Weatherby was quite one of the old school—such an old gentleman as we used to see in Sams' window at the



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

bottom of St. James's Street when I was a boy—and his tail-coat and scarlet waistcoat (which latter earned for him the name of Robin Redbreast), his silvery hair and beard, and delightful air of "cleanness" (I can think of no better word to convey what I mean), made him as remarkable a figure in Bond Street or Burlington Gardens as he was at Newmarket or Doncaster.

The tiny hamlet of Waverley, near Farnham, which has lately been fighting for a separate existence, has an historical interest of its own quite beyond its real or traditional associations with the name of the first novel of the Wizard of the North. The Abbey of Waverley was the first Cistercian convent in England, and was founded more than seven centuries and a half ago by the renowned William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who chose the secluded valley on the banks of the Wey, close to his episcopal stronghold, Farnham Castle, for this religious house, and brought thither, from Normandy, twelve monks to tenant the same. Waverley and Furness were the two great Cistercian convents of the Middle Ages, and to the former, at any rate, kings and queens, bishops, and other great ones of the earth, made many a grant of land and money. It was left for Henry VIII. to disendow the establishment, which he did in 1536, in favour of the treasurer of his household, Sir William Fitzwilliam, afterwards Lord Southampton. The estate, in late years, passed through the hands of many eminent persons, in both the aristocratic and commercial worlds, some of whom did not scruple to use the stones of the abbey to enlarge the mansion built in the sixteenth century.

*A propos* of the revival of interest in old songs, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and Mr. H. Fleetwood Sheppard have collected and arranged "A Garland of Country Song" (Methuen and Co.). In a delightful introduction, the novelist pleads for English folk-music, claiming that it is "quite as good and more genuine than the German Volkslied." The volume contains fifty songs, with their traditional music, and notes which greatly add to their value.



A letter in the *Times* about the impropriety of the modern play has let loose the usual torrent of absurdity. People with not the most elementary notion of dramatic art are rushing into print with wild protests. One correspondent of the *Times* says that if any prudent parent were to make a round of the London theatres he would not dream of letting his daughters visit any of them. Life is too short for any attempt to enlighten ignorance of this kind. Another correspondent is shocked by the "scandalous immoralities" of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and he shows his own conception of morality by misrepresentation of the characters and plot of "John-a-Dreams." Mr. Tree has thought it worth his while to reply to this half-educated critic. When a man cannot give an accurate account of a play which he condemns on moral grounds, it is futile to pay any serious attention to him.

Mr. H. D. Traill is another sort of censor. He does at least know what he is writing about, though he cannot discuss Ibsen in the *Nineteenth Century* without blunders—such as that a woman says in "Hedda Gabler," "People don't do such things!" when Hedda shoots herself. Mr. Traill had better read the play again. I should like to know his warrant for the assertion that "The Masqueraders" was described by the "New Critics" (whoever they may be) as a piece of "unflinching realism." No critic, new or old, could have said anything so ridiculous. But Mr. Traill's main point is that the "problem play" is only a fairy tale with a convention of its own, because it always represents the family skeleton prancing about the stage, harassing and even destroying the *dramatis personæ*, whereas everybody knows that, in real life, the skeleton is always kept under lock and key. Mr. Traill's knowledge of real life is evidently peculiar. I cannot take up a newspaper—the *Daily Telegraph*, for instance—without finding skeletons in nearly every column. The skeleton is always in the Police Court, the Divorce Court, every kind of court.

In many places of public resort you cannot walk without rubbing shoulders with him or her. You see the skeleton in the shop-windows, even among the types of beauty. And yet, because a distinguished literary gentleman leads at Putney a tranquil and monotonous existence, he imagines that life is not full of tragedy, of romantic coincidence, of vastly more improbable incidents than any playwright or novelist would venture to handle. "Unflinching realism," in Mr. Traill's opinion, would mean a bald recital of the commonplaces of existence. Does he find this bald recital in the daily journals? Is the evidence before a judge and jury a string of irrelevant commonplaces? The witnesses are kept strictly to the material facts. And what else, after all, is the business of a dramatist, who weaves an interesting story out of the facts he has observed in life?

After the centenary performance of "The New Woman" the company invited Mr. Comyns-Carr and his charming wife to an excellent repast at Rule's in Maiden Lane. Here Mr. Carr and Mr. Grundy were made much of by the company, and the popular manager reciprocated with mementoes to his company, such as a fan to that charming representative of the old-fashioned, warm-hearted girl, Miss Winifred Emery; a lace collar to that distinguished member of the (stage) aristocracy, Miss Rose Leclercq; a most lovely bouquet to the New Woman, Miss Alma Murray, and other gifts to the rest of the most competent and brilliant cast.

The catering at the Crystal Palace is at no time a thing of great joy, but its faults occasionally cause more amusement than anger. Last Saturday week I spent the morning at the Dulwich Gallery, and then walked to the Palace, arriving at a quarter to three. The concert commenced too soon for me to risk lunch, and I felt that my innerman would go on strike if I waited until half-past six for dinner. Accordingly, I decided to effect a compromise, and entered the tea-rooms. A waitress brought me a teapot and sundry accessories, and I gave the tea a few minutes to gather all possible strength before starting to pour it out. When time was up, I found the contents of the pot almost colourless. Thinking I had not given it time to "draw," I waited still longer and tried again. The result was almost the same. My position was desperate. It was nearly three o'clock. I was afraid of incurring the charge of being fastidious if I made any complaint, so I tossed up—"heads," I should complain; "tails," I should sneak away. "Heads" came down; I summoned the waitress, and asked humbly if anything was wrong with the contents of the pot. She looked for a moment, and said with a sweet smile: "Oh! I'm so sorry, but they've forgotten to put the tea in!"

Yet another few weeks, and the chance of the hitherto unknown aspirant for music-hall fame will come. Nearly all the leading serios and "coms" will desert the halls for pantomime, and many a new artist will appear. Pantomime gives your serio a chance which the music-hall of London cannot ever afford. If she can act, it is at Christmastide that the fact becomes apparent, while every year sees some great change in the fortunes of footlight favourites. Before the average pantomime has run a fortnight, the astute managers and managers' agents sample it, and good luck to the actor or actress who meets with undue applause! An offer of double salary and a benefit for next year's pantomime is nothing uncommon, and perhaps the day after such an offer is accepted, another will come from London itself, the land overflowing with milk and honey, or, better still in these days, diamond brooches and sealskin cloaks. To sit through a provincial pantomime, however dull be the jokes thereof, is nearly always possible, by reason of the enthusiasm which prevails on both sides of the footlights. It makes even the hardened playgoer forget his determination to look bored.

At this period of the year few people work more industriously than Madame Katti Lanner. As a matter of fact, she is always industrious, but when the pantomime time approaches her capacities seem to expand and her inventiveness to grow double. This year she has one of the Birmingham pantomimes in hand, together with those at the Lyceum and Crystal Palace—three distinct sets of ballet for which she has worked out the designs and trained the girls. The way in which she can dismiss one class and call another to entirely different evolutions is marvellous, and every fresh ballet would seem to supply her with new ideas. Rehearsals are the order of the hour at the Athenæum Hall in the Tottenham Court Road, but, despite the fatigue they must entail, Madame may be seen nightly in her corner on the Empire stage, directing the fortunes of "La Frolique" and "On Brighton Pier." No amount of hard work has any appreciable effect upon her enthusiasm. Perhaps she finds her reward in the assured triumph that awaits her when the pantomimes whose ballets she is directing are produced.

Of late I have missed from the contents-bills of variety houses the familiar name of G. H. Macdermott, our erstwhile most popular "Jingo." He adds another to the list of men and women who have run up the ladder of fame or notoriety almost without pausing for breath. If I am not mistaken, Macdermott was in the Navy before he took to the stage. He once collaborated with the late Henry Pettitt in the writing of a melodrama of blood-and-thunder nature, and it was from the dramatist who has so lately died that Macdermott purchased his celebrated song, "The Scamp." Its success was enormous; it brought a fortune to its singer, who paid Pettitt two boxes of cigars for the song and all its rights. It was, I think, a Mr. Hunt who wrote that very dreadful song with refrain "We don't want to fight," and those of us who are old enough must remember how it raged. For months there was no escape from its fury.

I heard a piece of news the other day which ought to interest students at the Guildhall School of Music. That delightful singer, Mr. Charles Saunders, is probably remembered by many at the School, and they may be glad to know that a friend of mine met Mr. Saunders recently in Melbourne, where he has won as many compliments as his singing received in London. Mr. Saunders had just returned from a tour, his voice having recovered wonderfully since his voyage to the Colonies, and he was looking very "fit" and well. He expects to come back to England soon, and I am sure there is room for such an excellent vocalist at home, although Australians will regret losing him.

Frank Boyd, the editor of the *Pelican*, whose Christmas number is made up of stories by actors and actresses, started collecting his material three months ago, and was, nevertheless, compelled to do without one or two promised contributions. I met him on the day the number went to press, and he told me some very funny stories of his difficulties. One popular comedian, whom we all admire, sent in one story, then another to take its place, and finally a third to take the place of the second. After this he wanted the third one back for alterations and repairs, but this was not allowed. Another comedian spent hours in the *Pelican* office revising his proof in manner unintelligible to printers. It is a matter for thanksgiving that Christmas comes but once a year, yet, after all is said and done, so long as the result is satisfactory, the troubles of an editor should not count for anything. If one may judge by what one hears, actors would do as badly at journalism as the average journalist does at acting.

It may surprise some of his friends to learn that Frank Boyd was once an artist, but such is the fact. He was originally intended for the Church, of which his father, "A. K. H. B." of St. Andrews, is a shining light; but, as all his relatives were in the Church, he decided to go in for something else. Accordingly he studied art, and went to Düsseldorf, where he worked with Dudley Hardy and others. Then he returned to England and became a business man. He worked for the *Bat* when it was under the guidance of the gentleman who is now known as "Owen Hall," and after that he sub-edited the *Hawk*. In those days that paper was worth six or seven thousand a year to its fortunate proprietor. Of the *Pelican* there is no need to speak at length. It holds its own, and usually succeeds in being the first retailer of sundry gossip from the theatrical world. Never saying all it knows, the paper has succeeded in making many friends, few enemies, and fewer mistakes.

The performance of "Iphigenia in Tauris" at Cambridge has been pronounced a complete success, and all the actors, some of whose portraits in costume are here reproduced, deserve very high praise, especially Mr. Geikie. His Iphigenia was perfectly dignified and yet alive. Sad, stately, and self-restrained, he showed she could also be tender and passionate at times. His gestures were generally slow, but never heavy. No woman could have played the part better. Mr. Stephenson as Orestes looked miserable and worn, and Pylades (Mr. Watson) looked big and cheerful. The Temple Maidens were picturesque, but slightly oppressive in their tameness. The chorus was very imposing in tunics and cloaks of every conceivable colour, and sang with great spirit. The lively manners of the Cowherd (Mr. Balfour) excited much amusement. Mr. Watkins had a long and difficult speech as the Messenger, and he struggled through it manfully. Athena looked lovely in her white robes and silver aegis. One was sorry not to see more of her. By the way, I find my correspondent, "B. H. J.," referring last week to the services of Mr. Chapman in the production, called him "of the British Museum," but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Chapman is principal assistant of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.



THE "IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS," AT CAMBRIDGE.

*Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.*



ATHENA (MR. F. G. D'HAUTEVILLE).



IPHIGENIA (MR. R. GEIKIE).



KING THOAS (MR. J. P. THOMPSON).



PYLADES (MR. A. W. WATSON) AND ORESTES (MR. F. STEPHENSON).



I have received from Mr. William McGonagall, poet and tragedian, now resident at Perth, a copy of the second series of his "Poetic Gems." Mr. McGonagall is one of the Scotch candidates for the Laureateship. He has paid more than one visit to her Majesty at Balmoral—on one occasion in the costume of Roderick Dhu—but owing to some misunderstanding, probably caused by the intervention of a gilded and officious menial, he was not admitted to the royal presence. Still, the Queen cannot be unacquainted with his extraordinary merits, which are the theme of general acclamation in Scotland. In this volume I find an ode written in his honour by three admirers at Glasgow University; also an address from the same, in which his advice is sought as to the best way to prepare for a poetical career. One of the questions runs thus: "Is the most intellectual benefit to be derived from a study of the McGonagallian or Shaksperian school of poetry?" A man who is approached with this deference must possess talents of no common order. Mr. McGonagall's genius is untutored in the sense in which the genius of Shakspeare was untutored, and of Burns, and of Walt Whitman. I take at random from the "Gems" a stanza in a descriptive poem about New York. The bard is in Central Park—

And there's beautiful boats to be seen there,  
And the joyous shouts of children do rend the air,  
While the boats sail along with them o'er Lohengrin's Lake,  
And the fare is five cents for children, and adults ten is all I take.

There is a rugged simplicity here, and an idiomatic vigour, which give to the description of McGonagall as an untutored genius quite an exceptional significance.

In Mrs. Mona Caird's new novel, "The Daughters of Danaus," there is a New Woman named Hadria, who marries, and has two children. Then she leaves her husband, and explains to her sister that she was tricked into marriage by the assurance that it was a mere formality. She has no objection to "motherhood *per se*," but complains that she has been made a mother under false pretences. Does Mrs. Mona Caird really expect us to believe that women, however New, regard the marriage contract as merely formal, and favour their friends with delicate distinctions between motherhood in wedlock and "motherhood *per se*"? My only surprise is that Hadria, having disowned all the responsibilities of maternity, does not call on Evadne, who objects to a husband with a "promenade" in his past, and propose that they—a Heavenly Twain—shall join the glorious crusade of Mrs. Chant against the social evil. This would be quite as rational as anything in Mrs. Mona Caird's book.

Amateur theatricals are popular all the world over, and in India they are quite the rage with military people. "Crazed" was recently produced at Murree, in the Punjab. Mrs. Alec Chancellor played the

indeed to be a good comedian, for he is the godson of Mr. Toole himself. Master Frank, though very young, has figured in far more parts than many of his seniors, whose chances are often cut short by the long-run system. During a summer trip with his mother, his brothers—among them George, who is a clever violinist—and his sister, Miss May Saker, he was Walker Chalk, the milkman, in "The Area Belle," young Mr. Simpson in "Good for Nothing," Nats Teich in "A Swiss Cottage," while he has a *répertoire* of many sketches, songs, and dances. His latest and greatest success was as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mr. Ben Greet's Pastoral Players this summer, in which he showed most quaint and whimsical humour. He is a most industrious student at a private school in Kensington,



MASTER FRANK SAKER AS PUCK.

Photo by Miell and Rid'ey, Bournemouth.

and is very popular in the East End, where he and his brothers and sisters have given entertainments to the poor, at the request of the Vicar of Shadwell and others. He was a great favourite with the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, who cured him of a serious throat trouble, and one of Frank's most cherished treasures is a portrait he had given him and on which he had written the following:

MY DEAR BOY,—I think you have a good face for "Hamlet," and I have no doubt that some day you will appear as the Prince of Denmark.—Yours truly,  
Nov. 14, 1891. MORELL MACKENZIE.

I congratulate unreservedly Miss Egerton and Miss Vaughan on their successful *début* at the Queen's Hall on Dec. 4. Both ladies are excellent additions to the ranks of vocalists, for both add to good voices the valuable qualities of sound training and clear enunciation. In the audience I noticed Miss Anna Williams and other musicians, and the *débutantes* lacked no enthusiasm to inspire their efforts. The Blue Zouave band played well; Mr. Orlando Harley was particularly effective in "O Vision Entrancing"; Mr. Charles Copeland and Miss Beresford Joy also sang; Miss Mary Woolhouse gave a solo on the piccolo brilliantly, and Miss Bessie Greenhill, who is rapidly advancing in her profession, played the violin delightfully. Mr. Dudley Causton is so amusing an entertainer that he can well dispense with an imitation of stammering which is offensive to good taste. I protest once more against a little girl reciting in public, especially as on this occasion the poor child's memory failed her, and she had to leave the platform in the middle of her recitation.

The fine photographs recently reproduced in *The Sketch*, in an article on the play "Hamlet," were the exclusive property of the *Illustrated American*. I much regret that inadvertently I omitted to acknowledge this fact, and am glad to take this opportunity of complimenting our enterprising contemporary on its weekly contents, which both in illustration and literary matter are always characterised by skill, taste, and high ability. The last number received is particularly good, containing admirable sketches of the Schaefer v. Ives billiard match, "Plays and Players," and football photographs, which are far in advance of English work.



MRS. CHANCELLOR, CAPTAIN LESLIE, AND CAPTAIN DE COURCY HAMILTON.

Photo by T. Winter, Murree.

part of Sally, Captain J. H. Leslie was Beethoven Brown, and Captain de Courcy Hamilton, of the Royal Artillery, was Shakespeare Smith. The sketch went without a hitch from start to finish.

It is the veriest commonplace that the histrionic instinct runs in families, but it is not often that it appears so early as in the case of the children of the late Mr. Edward Saker, who was so long lessee of the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, and of Mrs. Edward Saker, who is now playing at the St. James's Theatre. Playgoers will not readily forget Master Richard Saker, who gave such clever and crisp studies of boydom in the original production of "Jane" by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and more recently in the St. James's production of "Liberty Hall," where he figured as a shop-boy overcome by calf-love. In this very part he was succeeded by a younger brother, Master Frank Saker. He ought



## A CHAT WITH MISS ADA REEVE.

*Photographs by Draycott, Birmingham.*

"Miss Ada Reeve? No, I don't expect her this afternoon," said the cheerful-looking janitor of the Gaiety Theatre stage-door, in answer to my query for the clever Shop-Girl. "She's nothing to do down here to-day till the evening performance; rehearsals are off."

"But she gave me an appointment for *The Sketch*."

"Oh, well, then, I expect she'll be here directly"; and just at that minute a hansom drew up before the door, and a slim, pale-faced little



MISS ADA REEVE.

lady with big blue eyes, much muffled-up in a long, fur-trimmed coat, sprang to the ground, with apologies for my brief wait.

"Will you come into my dressing-room?" said Miss Reeve, taking her pile of letters and key from the doorkeeper; and, following her through tortuous ways, I found myself in a very cosy, lace-bedecked little apartment, brilliant with the electric light.

"This used to be the dressing-room of Mr. Arthur Roberts," said the actress, as we settled ourselves on the sofa; "the horseshoe over the door was his, and, as he was lucky enough, I thought I would also keep it to tempt good fortune."

"You like your new part, of course?"

"Well, I do; but I should still prefer a little more work in it. Perhaps I am very greedy, but I like to be kept going all the time. However, since the opening night they have introduced a dance and a new scene for me. It is rather sad that I have to leave my part for a while, just when I am getting used to it and beginning to feel at home at the Gaiety."

"How do you mean?"

"I was booked a long time ago for the pantomime at the Comedy Theatre, Manchester, and probably before this chat is in print I shall be there in fulfilment of the engagement I had made still earlier than the present one with Mr. George Edwardes. We are going to play 'Jack and Jill'; my husband"—(introducing me to Mr. Bert Gilbert, who since last May has been united in the bonds of matrimony to the pretty young actress)—"will be Jack, and I am Jill. I have a three years' engagement with Mr. Edwardes, which commenced last summer. My husband also has a similar contract with him, and when we return from the pantomime will probably appear in 'The Shop-Girl' too, only it would have necessitated so much changing if we had both gone out of the bill within the first few weeks."

"You have played with Mr. Gilbert before?"

"Yes, we were in the pantomime together last year, when Mr. Edwardes saw us and engaged us both; and subsequently" (smilingly) "we entered on our own private engagement, which only lasted six weeks."

"Did you get a honeymoon?" I inquired, with some eagerness, "for I have observed that members of the profession nearly always have to forego that luxury."

"No, we did not; my wife took hers first and I had mine afterwards," interpolated Mr. Gilbert.

"My husband was playing 'In Town' on tour," went on Miss Reeve,

unheeding the interruption; "and I left the halls and joined him, so I had a rest while he went on acting. But we shall try and run over to Brussels for a real honeymoon some day in the future."

"I think you were in America last year?"

"Yes, I was; but I can't say I liked it. The climate did not agree with me at all, and I don't care for an American audience; they seem to me to come to the theatre with a lump of ice in their pockets, and to laugh against their will. I had several offers before I left to play farce-comedy there for a term of years, but I preferred to come back to the old country. Still, I must say everyone was kind to me, and at parting I had a lovely presentation, given me on the stage by Messrs. Koster and Bial on behalf of the entire company—the most beautiful toilet service you can imagine: everything silver, in a very ornamental case. And that reminds me of another presentation we had on the occasion of our marriage, from Mr. Hardacre, of the Manchester Theatre, a picture called 'An Artist's Dream.' We are never tired of looking at it," said Miss Reeve enthusiastically; "it has varying colours shaded off on the palette, and in each hue there are ever so many wonderful pictures of fairies and children, gnomes and mermaids."

"Is your experience greater on the stage or at the music-halls?"

"Well, I have had plenty of both. You see, I commenced when I was only six years old, and I was six years in the theatres and eight on the halls, so that is a good deal of work to crowd into twenty years of life."

"And have you finally quitted the music-hall now?"

"I should hardly like to say that" (thoughtfully); "still, to be frank, I prefer to play a good burlesque or pantomime part. I think the work at a theatre is infinitely lighter. I don't care how many hours I am on the stage; but what I find so terribly fatiguing is the hurrying from one hall to another for different 'turns.'"

"You have appeared very often in pantomime, I think?"

"Yes, I was two successive years at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Birmingham, playing 'Aladdin' and 'Little Bo-peep,' and I have been at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, not to speak of other places. Mr. Toole came down to see me there, and was kind enough to say that he thought I should soon be playing a first-class part in one of the more fashionable theatres, and he told me 'Everything comes to those who wait.' From first to last I have appeared in eleven pantomimes. Since Mr. Edwardes engaged me I have played Haidée in 'Don Juan' on tour, also in 'Jack-in-the-Box.' It was in 'Don Juan' that I made my first appearance in Dublin, where I think the audiences are very appreciative. You won't forget to say I am coming back to the Gaiety as soon as my pantomime



MISS REEVE IN A "CARTWHEEL" HAT.

engagement is over," said Miss Reeve, as she accompanied me to the door; "everyone in the theatre has been so kind, and shown me such consideration, and the Gaiety audience, to whom I was really a stranger, has received me so kindly, that I do feel sorry to leave them, though it is only for a short while."

"I hope when they read this chat in *The Sketch* they will promise to keep a warm corner in their hearts for you till you come back again," I said, as I made my way out into Wellington Street, where the dusk of evening had already fallen.

L. E. B.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "IN THE DAY OF BATTLE." \*

Most of Angus Glenrae's days were days of battle, for "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" might have been his motto as well as that of his country, and he was what Dr. Johnson loved—a good hater. It was while at



Photo by Nicholls and Parkin, Winnipeg.

MR. JOHN A. STEUART.

Edinburgh University that he made, with his cousin, Peter Clephane, a covenant, not of love, like David and Jonathan, but of hate and vengeance. They quarrelled almost as regularly as the sun appeared in the heavens. The professors said, "It will be a prison crop and three yards of hemp rope before all's done," but that prediction only added fuel to the flame of their fury. Peter had the bitterer tongue, Angus the firmer muscles. Fortunately, before Angus had done more than drive one of his professors into a fit, half kill Peter, and be half killed himself, an opportunity of going to India was offered to him, and rather than accept a place in Peter Clephane's father's office, he caught at it. His errand was one which reminds us of the proverbial attempt to find a needle in a bottle of hay. At the request of Sir Thomas Gordon, a neighbour of his father's in the country, he was to set out to the East, with cash in hand, and all expenses paid, to look for Sir Thomas's only son, who had gone to India some years before, and had disappeared, leaving no trace. This sounds like a fool's errand, but there is no such thing as a fool's errand in a novel of adventure, and we know that the lost will be found, and more besides. No sooner does the hero arrive in India than the book becomes doubly interesting. Mr. Steuart steps on firm ground, and writes of that which he knows well. So far as his mission was concerned, Angus Glenrae himself can scarcely have felt on very firm ground, even though he bore with him a miniature of the lost Donald to assist in the discovery, and two sprigs of white heather given by the beautiful Miss Isabel Gordon for luck, together with a green baize bag containing bagpipes—a present from his father's old coachman. These pipes follow the hero in all his wanderings and hair-breadth escapes with as much fidelity of attachment as was displayed by the lutes of Mr. Radelyffe's heroines. They were "siller pipes," and Angus "gied a skirl them" from time to time. His skirls were not always appreciated. Once, after giving up all hope of finding Donald, he was left alone in a brig, and deserted by its thievish crew.

His sole companionship was that of the rats on board. He tamed the rats, and then thought he would gar the pipes skirl to them. The rats, however, would have none of his music; they "fairly abhorred the pipes," and fled to the darkest recesses of the ship. On another occasion he garred their skirl to save his life, when he had been condemned to death by Prince Abou Kuram, with the result that one of the Prince's Ministers was seized with convulsions. This is one of the best scenes in the book. However, the time spent in playing "*Tullochgorum*," the "*Old Hundredth*," and other cheerful tunes was not thrown away—it procured the delay that saved Angus's life. He luckily lived to risk it again and again, and to delight us with the account of his thrilling adventures. But the real agent of his preservation was not the pipes, but his perfect knowledge of Arabic, which he acquired easily and pleasantly from the villain of the book. "He"—the villain—"proved to be a good teacher, and I was not an inattentive pupil. . . . In a week," says the hero, "such was my diligence that I was able to converse with tolerable fluency. The second week I was deep in the Koran, and able to follow my teacher in his recitations from the Arabian poets; the third week I was reciting myself." And yet we in England unnecessarily endow professorships of Arabic!

## A SINGER OF THE SONGS OF 1830.

Even Yvette Guilbert, who has returned to us once more, though she is essentially the *chanteuse fin de siècle*, has lately also sought to include in her *répertoire* a number of sixty-year-old songs, and Béranger's "*Grand'mère*" has proved one of her greatest successes; indeed, her audience are now not satisfied unless she will favour them with a few couplets of that cynical, albeit tender, *chansonnette*, which, although a classic, had all but passed out of sight and knowledge. Yvette Guilbert is almost the only lady music-hall singer from Paris who is known in London, but she has many admirable colleagues at home. One of these is Mdlle. Anna Thibaud, who is the leading lady exponent of *la chansonnette* among Paris artists at the Café Concert. Of late years there has been a marked return of the semi-sentimental and semi-*gouailleux* kind of ditty invented by Béranger and his school. Mdlle. Thibaud has made a speciality of the songs of 1830, and sings them in a costume which, while avoiding the grotesque peculiarities of the fashion in vogue when Charles the Tenth was King, is sufficiently rococo to give a touch of local colour to the words which accompany the tunes once so familiar on the left bank of the Seine.

This return to simpler and more human method proves that the sinister, grotesque type of song and recitation inaugurated by Bruant and Bourges has had its day, and that even the public which frequents the Paris Café-Concert returns with delight to the world of light-hearted *grisettes*, celebrated in prose by Murger, and in verse by Béranger and Desaugiers, in a style where Rabelaisian wit was often allied to exquisite sentiment and malicious *finesse*. Mdlle. Thibaud possesses to a rare extent *l'art de dire*, she has a pretty voice, and every word of her song tells. She also takes a special delight in the kind of songs she has made popular, and has taken great pains in each case to discover the original air. In addition to her engagement at La Scala, she is often asked to sing at private parties, where her *répertoire* is very much appreciated by the *high life*.



MISS KATIE SEYMOUR AND MR. EDMUND PAYNE AS LOVE-STRUCK JAPS.

Photo by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

\* "In the Day of Battle." By John A. Steuart. Three vols. London: Sampson Low and Co.





MDLLE. THIBAUD, A SINGER OF THE SONGS OF 1830.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CH. OGERAU, PARIS.



## A CHAT WITH MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

Mrs. Glasse might very well have written "First catch your subject and then interview it." Putting aside foreigners, who are vastly polite, but never answer letters, the most difficult person I ever tracked is the famous Antoinette Sterling, the singer who has a firmer hold on the heart of the British public than any, save, perhaps, Sims Reeves. I had met her at dinner at the charming Mrs. Oscar Beringer's, and been fascinated by her conversation; she had talked chiefly of matters spiritual, and, though her remarkable views left me unconvinced, I had been so much struck by her strange ideas about faith-healing and the influence of the will, and her powerful, sincere way of expressing them, that when it was suggested to me I should interview her, I was very glad of the chance of another chat with her.

I wrote and asked her to make an appointment. Her answer was a letter, charming, slightly irrelevant, full of kindly and flattering phrases and of strange, bold views of human life, but containing no appointment. I allowed some days to go by, then wrote again, and had the pleasure of numbering another of Madame Sterling's autographs among my treasures; yet even in the postscriptum, my last hope, I found no hint that my interviewing projects had been noticed. However, some time after, very late one evening, when my husband and I were sitting facing each other, only separated by a mass of copy—he in a Japanese embroidered smoking-jacket, and I in a picturesque, though not exactly guest-receiving gown—Madame Antoinette Sterling was announced.

Her greeting was most affectionate, and her unexpected visit at so late an hour was promptly explained. She had just heard my husband was ill, and had come at once to faith-heal him! She seemed rather disappointed at finding he refused to abandon Dr. Lennox Browne's system of treatment for hers, and I had difficulty in consoling her by saying men are very unreasonable, and never know what is bad for them.

"Well, you know, my dear, I must try and talk you both into my faith. I don't believe in illness. You simply have to make up your mind not to think of ill or ache, and you will not suffer. Why, yesterday I came home dead-tired; I sat down quietly for some time, had a cup of tea, and then, simply because I made up my mind not to think myself tired, I felt fresh and well."

"Indeed," I answered; "though I am not consciously a believer in your creed, I, too, have often found rest and a cup of tea very comforting and refreshing. But, seriously, do you think that the majority of people with busy lives can afford the time to think themselves ill? Look at those struck down by influenza; trying to think oneself well does not seem a success in that malady."

"Yes; but how do such maladies come? Why, as a rule, they are the result of bad temper. One feels annoyed, gets excited, hot all over, and then becomes an easy prey to *la grippe* or any other ill."

Madame Sterling is a superb proof of the theories she preaches, for her fine white teeth, luxuriant hair, and glowing complexion seem the indisputable evidence of vigorous health. In dress, too, she has theories not generally adopted by sister artists, for her gown was very simply made of some soft, clinging, white stuff, closely following her form, and cut round the throat so as to leave it quite free, whilst her figure suffered but little from the cruelties of the *corsettiere*.

The famous American singer has the great though rare charm of being thoroughly in earnest in all she does or thinks, and possibly her mind, which seems to be exceptionally strong, may influence her body in an abnormal degree; but I am afraid that our wills would scarcely be a safe physician for the ruck and run of us.

"Singing came to me naturally," she said, "as naturally as speaking, and at five years of age I played the piano. When I was half-way through my teens my voice attracted great attention, and after singing some time in New York, at the Presbyterian Church, my people decided to send me over to Europe. I had studied in New York under Signor Abella, husband of the popular Madame d'Angri. I came to England in 1868, on my way to Germany. When I got to my destination I studied under Madame Marchesi, at Cologne, then Pauline Viardot, and afterwards, returning to London, became pupil of Manuel Garcia. My

voice? Of course, contralto, and my compass from E flat in the bass stave to the higher F in the treble stave."

"I have often wondered that with gifts such as yours the operative stage should not have attracted you to it."

"No, never," she answered very decisively. "I don't think the constant make-believe of the stage would have inspired me. I can sing what I feel, and only that. I have even been told that sometimes I sacrifice phrasing to feeling; but I don't think I could have acted, night after night, a part with which, perhaps, I should have had no sympathy."

Possibly a strain of Quaker blood has unconsciously biased many of her views; in fact, she is directly descended from William Bradford—one of the Pilgrim Fathers who crossed in the Mayflower—the brother of John Bradford, who was burnt at the stake in 1555, a martyr to his convictions. Quaintly inconsistent, she is proud of her lineage.

When the youthful contralto made her London *début* in '73, her splendid phrasing, rich voice, and perfect enunciation at once placed her in the first rank of singers, and soon after Sir George Macfarren asked her to create the contralto part of his oratorio, "St. John the Baptist," when it was brought out at Exeter Hall. Since then there is scarcely a town or musical society of importance in England which does not find that her name is sufficient to fill a concert-hall.

"And what is your favourite song now?" I said.

"I am sure, dear," she answered seriously, "you fashionable Londoners and first-nighters can hardly appreciate how deeply such songs as 'Darby and Joan,' 'Home, Dearie, Home,' 'The Better Land,' and other simple ballads appeal to the heart of the ordinary concert-goer. During my trip to Australia I went through hospitals and prisons, wherever there was pain or shame, and I have sung them to all who would hear me, and my reward has been tears from the hardened, and smiles from the suffering. Yes, I find I do get to the heart of the people—in fact, now I am often engaged to appear at women's meetings where vital questions of our sex are discussed, and I go, but on the distinct understanding I do not sing or speak till the spirit within me moves me, for it is only then I can grasp and hold the people; then my plain, earnest speech or ballad goes straight out to them, and reaches their hearts."

Madame Sterling spoke long and eagerly, and discussed all kinds of subjects with such charm, that when the bell from the Middlesex Hospital tolled two o'clock we were startled. She insisted, however, on waiting while some copy for the last post was being finished, and then left with it, and promised to post it, and also to send on photos for reproduction in *The Sketch*.

After some weeks I ventured to remind her of her kind promise to send on some photos, and one day I received this characteristic letter—

MY DEAR MRS. SKETCH,—I am a wretch, but had you been with me to Hull, &c., you would forgive. I should like to show you some photos to choose from. Will you and your husband come to-morrow, to luncheon, to tea, to dinner, or to supper? I am determined to make it possible. Luncheon about 1, tea 4, dinner 7.30 (to see my bonnie Jean), or supper any time you are hungry. Send word by messenger 3d., wire 6d., letter 1d., or post-card 1d. I love these; they shock people so, when they are in reality so simple and humble. You must tell me all you have been seeing and doing.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,  
ANTOINETTE STERLING.

Of course, I accepted, and next day went for the photos, and was received with open arms in a house where the masses of lovely flowers and beauty of furniture and appointment showed a true artistic taste. However, I soon learnt that her object in inviting me was to show me her "bonnie Jean," her dear daughter, a handsome girl about twelve years old, full of fun and life, precocious to an astounding degree, and possessed of talents for reciting of which we shall some day hear a great deal. Her two sons are music mad; the younger is still at Eton, the elder at Cambridge, for Madame Sterling says that they shall not attack stage or concert-hall until they have had a thorough education.

When I left Madame Sterling I felt that it is a great privilege to know one who, as singer, has given pleasure, comfort, hope, and happiness to hundreds of thousands—who, as human being, is fascinating by reason of her warmth of heart, her strength of mother-wit, and, above all, her adorable womanliness.

BINOCLE.



Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

MADAME STERLING AND HER DAUGHTER JEAN AS A BABY.





MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

## ANOTHER FAIRY BOOK.\*

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

It may, indeed, be feared that the way to Fairyland is being made a little too easy. When the present writer was a boy—once upon a time—one had to suffer for one's fairy tales. Not having had the advantage, like Mr. Grant Allen, of having been brought up in the family of a clergyman of the Church of England, but having been nurtured, probably much better for me, in a stern North-Country Calvinism, fairy tales were contraband commodities, and had to be smuggled to be enjoyed, through

For every child should understand  
That letters from the first were planned  
To guide us into Fairyland.

So labour at your Alphabet,  
For by that learning shall you get  
To lands where fairies may be met.

And going where this pathway goes,  
You, too, at last, may find, who knows?  
The Garden of the Singing Rose.

Was there ever anybody quite so clever as Mr. Lang?—anybody who wrote so much and always wrote so well? Homer may nod, but his translator never. About the slightest thing he writes there is a touch of style, a turn of phrase or fancy. He is never dull, though I venture to think that, with all his learned chaff, he is sometimes serious. Of course, one cannot be quite sure; but, judging from his many recent utterances on the matter—"Cock Lane and Common Sense," for example—it really looks as if Mr. Lang does seriously believe in fairies, odd as it may sound. Of course, a preface addressed to children is not evidence, but, under Mr. Lang's humorous affectation of gravity, those who long to believe in their lost fairies—and saints—may find some encouragement to do so. "As to whether there are really any fairies or not," he writes, "that is a difficult question. Professor Huxley thinks there are none. The editor never saw any himself, but he knows several people who have seen them—in the Highlands—and heard their music. If ever you are in Nether Lochaber, go to the Fairy Hill, and you may hear the music yourself, as grown-up people have done; but you must go on a fine day. Again, if there are really no fairies, why do people believe in them all over the world? . . . For these reasons the editor thinks that there are certainly fairies, but they never do anyone any harm, and in England they have been frightened away by smoke and schoolmasters. . . . Probably a good many stories not perfectly true have been told about fairies, but such stories have also been told about Napoleon, Claverhouse, Julius Cæsar, and Joan of Arc, all of whom certainly existed." And so this artfully artless editor gossips on in his fascinating boyish way—as I have said, a veritable Pied Piper. But to the "grown-up"—dreadful beings who sound almost as terrible as ogres and enchanters, when fairy books are one's theme—there is a pathos in this cleverness, this vivacious make-believe.

As in the case of its forerunners, this "Yellow Fairy Book" is composed of stories gathered from the four winds. It is a tribute to human fancy that the vein of fairy lore still holds out, in spite of so many fairy gold diggers. To one of these, his rival, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, by-the-way, Mr. Lang makes one of his characteristically generous references in the preface. Mr. Ford's illustrations are, if possible, better than ever. All good children should certainly remember Mr. Lang and Mr. Ford in their prayers.



From "The Yellow Fairy Book."

the agency of tender-hearted nursemaids and worldly-minded cooks. No resplendently decked fairy book, be it edited by Mr. Lang or Mr. Jacobs, or illustrated by Mr. Ford or Mr. Batten, will ever have the glamour to me of the old battered "Grimm's Goblins," with plentiful marks of the kitchen upon it, which opened for us the Fairy Hill. But, nowadays, children are actually encouraged to read fairy tales, instead of being beaten and sent to bed for doing so. Fairy tales, indeed, are becoming a part of school curriculum, and soon we shall have them "crammed," like grammar or "dates." They will become a home-lesson instead of an exciting truancy, a tiresome reality instead of a dream. And then, of course, it will be all up with them. It is true that there are always "the fairy tales of science" to fall back on—but what are they to the fairy tales of ignorance? No, it is the law of life, for young and old, that we must suffer for our fairy tales. Can this be the reason why Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, as Mr. Lang waggishly tells us in his charming preface, thinks "that it is not quite right to print so many fairy tales, with pictures, and to publish them in red and blue covers"? Perhaps Mr. Gomme feels that Fairyland, like the Lake District, for example, will be spoiled, both for its residents and its visitors, by such cheap and easy routes.

But he cannot be really cross with Mr. Lang, surely. Who could? Kindness to cats and children is said to be a sign of a good heart—though it is rather hard to have to like cats—and Mr. Lang must be becoming quite a patron saint among children. If he had lived in mediæval times he would certainly have been the Pied Piper. He pipes with his customary cunning in his dedication to "Joan, Toddlers, and Tiny," telling them that, hard as the Alphabet undoubtedly is, it is worth struggling with, for the sake of the passport it gives to Fairyland—

Hard is the path from A to Z,  
And puzzling to a curly head,  
Yet leads to Books—Green, Blue, and Red.

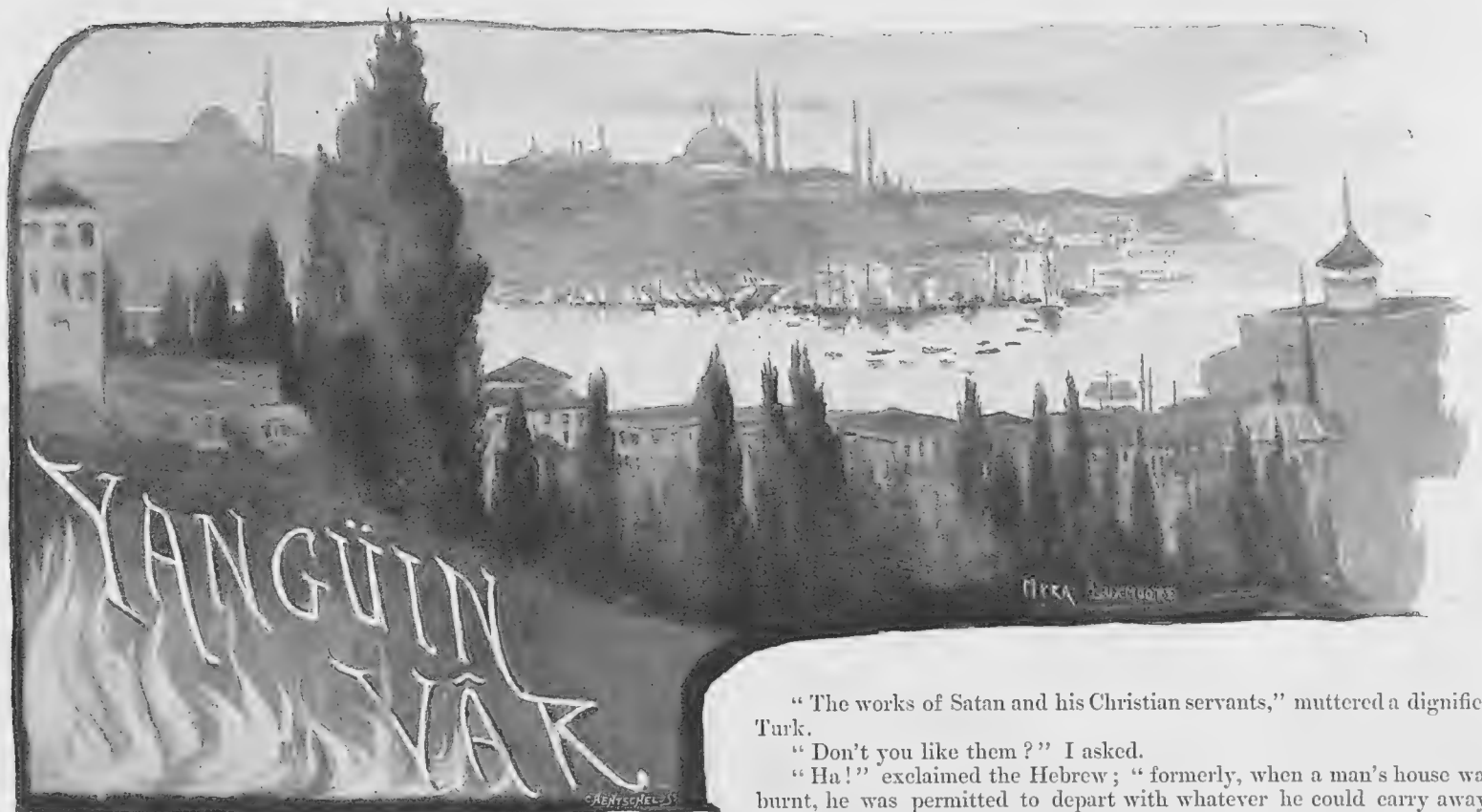


Sigurd hews the chain asunder.

From "The Yellow Fairy Book."



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



By MAX MONTESOLE.

I was wearied of life, and I sighed for that which *might* have been. Twenty-six years had elapsed since she bade me farewell on the Golden Horn, and twenty-three years since a hateful friend sent me the copy of the *Levant Herald* which announced the marriage of the Cavaliere Urbo de Tortona to the Signorina Clorinda d'Abrantes.

I hated women, Italians, and Constantinople.

I was driving to Victoria Station when my vehicle was stopped for a minute in crossing Oxford Street, and from amid the buzz of noise and conversation I caught the words, "No, not those Abrantes. There are two families of the same name."

The blood surged into my head, and I became oblivious of all things until we reached the station. The only thoughts that would shape themselves into words were, "Two Abrantes families? Two Abrantes families?"

I landed at the Constantinople Custom House, and was pounced upon by a gang of dragomen, hotel-touts, and other ruffians, who snarled at me in many languages. My desperate attempts to recall a few Osmanli curses gave me a bewildered appearance, and they made strenuous exertions to secure so juicy a morsel.

"Hotel Imperial!" shrieked a truculent fiend. "Best in Costinople! English King eat on him."

"He tell lie! He tell lie!" yelled another. "He tief! Prince de Vales eat Hotel de Levant!"

Thereupon did "English King" seize the windpipe of "Prince de Vales," and they rolled away from me, drawing a host of ruffianly peacemakers after them.

I entrusted my luggage to the representative of a well-known hostelry, and strolled away to stretch my legs and to look at the people.

Turkish welled up in my brain as bountifully as flowers in a magic hat, and by the time I reached the Voivoda steps I cursed several ruffians in choice Osmanli, and in Galata Romaic.

I mounted the steps, and the road to my hotel lay straight before me, but I unconsciously swerved to the left, and entered the labyrinth of alleys and cypress-groves which separate Pera from Kassim Pasha.

"*Yangün Vâr!*" ("Fire! Fire!" or, literally, "There is fire.")

I turned, and dreamily watched the approaching messenger from the great fire tower. He passed me with stately speed, and held his coloured staff aloft like a poised javelin.

"Where? where? where?" was the universal query which showered from doors and windows. The fire messenger was already out of sight, and his monotonous yell was borne back like an echo.

"*Yangün Vâr! Kassim Pashadeh! Deir Delûd!*"

I vaguely remembered that Deir Delûd was close to the Green House where the Abrantes had lived, and wondered if the house had survived the myriad conflagrations. Crowds were hurrying past me towards Pera, and I asked a cautious Hebrew the reason of this retrograde movement.

"They are running to see the new vapour-pumps and the brass-headed pumpers," he replied, as he arranged the folds of his brown gaberdine with a "shaking-off-the-dust" expression.

"The works of Satan and his Christian servants," muttered a dignified Turk.

"Don't you like them?" I asked.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Hebrew; "formerly, when a man's house was burnt, he was permitted to depart with whatever he could carry away, whereas, in these days, the old gangs of hand-pumpers steal as of yore, and the brazen vapour-pumpers wash the remainder out of our hands with floods of water such as have not been seen by the children of men since the days of our Father Noah."

I cast about how to escape from this "Old Man of the Pumps," when there fell on my ears—

"*Allah hoo! Illah hoo! Allah hoo! Illah hoo!*"

It was the gasping chant of a body of old-fashioned pumpers (*tooloom-badjis*), and they beat time with their feet as they trotted towards me, bearing a hand-engine on their shoulders. On they came, like a troop of charging gladiators, preceded by their *Reis* (chief), who proudly carried the glittering nozzle in his arms, and followed by three athletes, with the hose wound round their necks and shoulders, and whose rhythmic pace imparted to it the sinuous motion of a constricting python.

"*Allah hoo! Illah hoo! Allah hoo! Illah hoo!*"

Thirty years slipped from my memory, and I dreamed that I was a frolicsome lad again. I broke away from the grumbling Jew and joined the hose-bearers.

"*Allah hoo! Illah hoo!*"

I laughed aloud and joined the chorus. The stamp of my heavy boots rose loud above the thud of their bare feet. My comrades exchanged looks of uneasy surprise.

"One of those golden Englishmen," whispered my neighbour.

"Allah's afflicted," muttered another, as he tapped his forehead.

I threw away my hat, collar, and cravat, and a shower of moisture trickled into my beard and ran down my body in little rills.

"*Allah hoo! Illah hoo!*" I yelled. "I am a vagabond! I'm a *tooloombadji*! I shall become *Reis* or perish!"

I knew that I was dreaming, and I marvelled at the realism of my vision.

"Do things age in dreams?" I mused. "Behold, the graves in the cypress groves are hidden by the undergrowth, and the trees are taller and thicker. . . . Hurrah! The Green House at last. . . . How pretty it looks with its foreground of massed roses and jasmine. . . . Nina's favourite arbour is hidden by yonder clump of lilac."

I woke with a start as a kindly Turk threw something over my head and whispered that the sun would injure me. I gazed at the red eaves and lace-like gilded lattice-work which was thrown into bold relief by the grey-brown background of smoke.

All the available ground was littered with engines and manuals, and everybody shouted for water. Buckets, and jars, and goatskins, and gourds were passed from hand to hand and emptied into the gaping cavities, but the supply did not suffice to inflate the thirst-compressed hose.

The pumpers—both ancient and modern—admitted that fate was against them, and consoled themselves with cigarettes.

"Is the Green House occupied?" I asked.

"No, *Effendi*. It has been empty for many years," replied a courteous man of brass.

"The flowers are attended to," remarked another.

"Yes," continued our informant, "it belongs to an Italian family, and one of the ladies is very fond of the garden, and visits it from time to time with her servants. I heard that she called this morning."

I fell to dreaming again, and my gaze wandered from window to

window, and rested on the central window of the second floor—Nina's room—then I laughed aloud, for it was thrown open, and the phantom of my Nina waved its arms. I heard the hatchets splintering the lower doors, and the cries of pain which followed as the firemen were driven back by the heat and gaseous vapour. A ladder was thrown against the window, and Nina—mine own and living Nina—gazed into my eyes with a look of spell-bound love.

She fell back as I bounded over heads, and manuals, and shrubs. A cloud of acrid smoke enveloped me as I mounted the ladder.

The multitude roared, and the fire hummed like the sound of breaking surf on a distant shore.

I reached the window, and groped about blindly. I leaned over and grasped her. I dragged her over the window-ledge. Then we entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where venomous serpents writhed about my body, and bit into my hands and face. Fiery reptiles tore

maids. These will be her half-sisters, Ladies Mary and Helen Grosvenor, her nieces, Miss Millicent Grosvenor and the Hon. Lilah Cavendish, all of whom are children; and two grown-up bridesmaids, also the bride's nieces, one being Lady Constance Grosvenor, the elder daughter of the bride's eldest brother, the late Earl Grosvenor, and of Countess Grosvenor, the other Lady Beatrice Butler, elder daughter of the Marchioness of Ormonde, who is the bride's eldest sister. Eaton Hall, though a handsome enough edifice, lacks that atmosphere of the Middle Ages that is the charm of many a private chapel attached to one or another of the "stately homes of England." The building, indeed, is less than a century old. I believe it was built in the early part of the nineteenth century, and repaired and enriched in the middle; at any rate, Hawthorne writes of it thus, in 1853, when describing a visit to Eaton Hall: "A long corridor, about five hundred feet, arched all the way—it communicated with a chapel with a scriptural altar-piece copied from Rubens,



EATON HALL, WHERE LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR WILL BE MARRIED TO-DAY.

away my clothes and flesh, and needles danced madly in my lungs, and throat, and nostrils.

Down, down, down. Ha! ha! This is the ladder by which devils descend into Hell.

"Allah!" Ha! Is that the wail of the doomed?

Something grew and expanded inside my head. It strained against my skull. It exploded with a thundering crash, and I sank into sweet oblivion.

I am now blinded and crippled, yet is the cup of my happiness filled even unto overflowing. Nina and I cannot realise that there was a time when we were sundered.

## MARRIAGE OF LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR.

The wedding of Lady Margaret Grosvenor with Prince Adolphus of Teck has been postponed again and again by reason of many unforeseen events, but it is at last fixed definitely to take place to-day at Eaton Hall, near Chester, the magnificent seat of the bride's father, the Duke of Westminster. Prince Adolphus Charles Alexander Albert Edward George Philip Louis Ladislaus of Teck, to give the bridegroom his full title, is a lieutenant in the 17th (the Duke of Cambridge's Own) Lancers; he will be married in the uniform of his regiment, and will be attended by his brother, Prince Francis of Teck, wearing the uniform of his regiment, the 1st (Royal) Dragoons. The bride, whose dress will be of richest white satin, of English manufacture, trimmed with very rare and beautiful old Brussels lace, caught with groups of orange-blossom, will be attended by six brides-

maids. These will be her half-sisters, Ladies Mary and Helen Grosvenor, her nieces, Miss Millicent Grosvenor and the Hon. Lilah Cavendish, all of whom are children; and two grown-up bridesmaids, also the bride's nieces, one being Lady Constance Grosvenor, the elder daughter of the bride's eldest brother, the late Earl Grosvenor, and of Countess Grosvenor, the other Lady Beatrice Butler, elder daughter of the Marchioness of Ormonde, who is the bride's eldest sister. Eaton Hall, though a handsome enough edifice, lacks that atmosphere of the Middle Ages that is the charm of many a private chapel attached to one or another of the "stately homes of England." The building, indeed, is less than a century old. I believe it was built in the early part of the nineteenth century, and repaired and enriched in the middle; at any rate, Hawthorne writes of it thus, in 1853, when describing a visit to Eaton Hall: "A long corridor, about five hundred feet, arched all the way—it communicated with a chapel with a scriptural altar-piece copied from Rubens,

## LOVE CHANGETH ALL.

My life is now a song of joyunce,  
Tho' erstwhile 'twas but a sigh,  
And my heart with love o'erfloweth  
For all that suffer 'neath the sky.  
Oh, my loved one, let me whisper  
In thine ear the reason why:  
It is all because I love thee,  
All is changed since I have loved thee.

Henceforth my heart shall be a garden  
Free from ev'ry harmful weed,  
And my life a simple lyric  
That a little child may read,  
For an angel now doth hallow  
Ev'ry thought and ev'ry deed.  
Since I know that thou dost love me,  
All is changed since thou hast loved me.

MARK AMBIENT.





LADY MARGARET GROSVENOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Two books of literary recollections lie on my table. Into both I had meant to dip at odd moments, and both have been read from cover to cover. Such books have a haphazard, unsystematic air about them which is deceptive. One incident leads to another by an insidious path. There is a kind of connecting thread running all along the bits of narrative which is very difficult to break off willingly. You may plunge into these recollection books where you please, but you have not the same liberty in emerging. If they are good, they are so with the merits of conversation, and you have the same kind of compunction about leaving off as you would have in good talk.

One of the books is Mrs. Ritchie's "Chapters from some Memories" (Macmillan). The recollections are mainly of her early youth, and are often trivial enough in substance, though told with much charm. Besides, their triviality bears the stamp of truth upon it. When you read her early memories of Jasmin and Count D'Orsay and Trelawny, you say at once, "Yes, that is how children recollect. What their eyes could seize on, that they keep stored in their brain;" and the results are grotesque enough many a time. Here and there, however, scattered through the childish memories, are some excellent stories of famous personages. Is this one new? "Mr. Richard Doyle used to tell us a little story of a well-known literary man who was so carried away by the presence of the brilliant D'Orsay at some City banquet that in his enthusiasm he was heard to call aloud, above the din of the voices, in a sort of burst of enthusiasm, 'Waiter, for Heaven's sake, bring melted butter for the Flounder of the Count!'"

The glimpses of Thackeray given here, of Thackeray as parent, as friend of his children, are delightful. And there are familiar, intimate talks about the Carlyles, Leech, Fanny Kemble, and others that bring them near us yet never divest them of their dignity, nor us of our reverence, for Mrs. Ritchie is both a hero-worshipper and an observer full of human charity. The most remarkable passage in the book, however, is a contribution to the history of Charlotte Brontë in London. It describes a depressing occasion when Charlotte Brontë was the chief guest at a selected evening reception at the 'Thackerays'. Carlyle was also there, and many well-known habitually talkative persons. Yet, "it was a gloomy and silent evening. Everyone waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. . . The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all." Mrs. Ritchie makes us see and feel the whole failure sympathetically, and probably all of us are helped by recollections of similar depression on less interesting occasions.

The other book is Miss Belloc and Miss Shedlock's English edition of the De Goncourts' "Memoirs" (Heinemann). It may seem a wasted effort to put into English so well-known a book as the De Goncourts' "Journal," but the translators have done more, and, happily, less. They have given a number of Jules's letters, which, if they hardly merit the eulogy bestowed on them, do, at all events, help to make clear his separate personality. And they have shown their intelligence by not translating the whole "Journal."

Looked at in one way, the "Journal" is hardly inferior in interest to Rousseau's "Confessions," though it reflects much punier personalities. But never did any book demand more rigid editing. The hothouse life which the brothers led, which softened Jules's brain, and made Edmond curse literature after his brother's early death, had no more fatal effect than in dulling their minds to the relative importance of the thoughts that were born in their brains. There are reflections and sentiments noted with the greatest solemnity in the "Journal" that are commonplace and stupid and false in no ordinary degree. The reader of the English edition is saved these by the intelligence of the editors, who have, however, omitted nothing essential to the story of the most perfect fraternal intimacy and literary friendship that perhaps ever existed. They have likewise connected the detached bits of the "Journal" by brief chronicles and explanatory notes which few English readers will find superfluous. The two volumes contain various excellent portraits of the brothers, as well as of Monsieur and Madame Alphonse Daudet.

Mr. Andrew Lang has prefixed a graceful memoir to the Poems of Robert Murray, just published by Messrs. Longmans. These do not include "The Scarlet Gown," the volume of lighter verse by which he is best known, where he is known at all. The poems in this new volume are in a more serious vein. Whether he would ever have attained to complete expression of his poetical ideals and aspirations is doubtful. Mr. Lang makes no extravagant claims for him as a poet; in the midst of his regret and admiration he speaks reasonably. That Murray was at his best when singing of the beloved St. Andrews most will agree, and the loveliest poem in this volume is the opening one, "Moonlight North and South," where St. Andrews and Somersetshire are contrasted. The colder place had the warmer place in the poet's heart—

Love, we have heard together  
The North Sea sing his tune,  
And felt the wind's wild feather  
Brush past our cheeks at noon,  
And seen the cloudy weather  
Made wondrous with the moon.

But it is of the man rather than the poet that Mr. Lang speaks, and his tribute of affectionate regret for a very gifted and attractive nature will be read with sympathy.

O. O.

## "FROM RUSSIA LATELY COME."

## MR. MELTON PRIOR TALKS ABOUT HIS TRIP.

Mr. Walter Besant once called journalists the scene-painters of history," but I think the designation more accurately belongs to the special artist. If the pen is—as we are assured by reciting schoolboys at prize distributions—"mightier than the sword," what should be said of the pencil which pictorially records the great events of the day? I was led into this train of thought by a sight of the cheery face of Mr. Melton Prior, who has just returned from representing the *Illustrated London News* in Russia. It was Southey who said that the lives of most men were chiefly marked by a wedding and a funeral: Mr. Melton Prior's Russian experience has literally consisted of these two events.

"Now, Mr. Prior, tell me, please, about your journey?" was my first question to the clever artist whose fame is united with that of the great journal which it has been his pride to represent for the last twenty-five years.

Mr. Melton Prior settled himself comfortably in front of the fire, lighted a cigarette, and proved a model interviewee. His sentences were as brief and comprehensive as those rapid strokes which are familiar to everyone who sees his pictures in the *Illustrated London News*.

"I got a telegram at three o'clock one afternoon commissioning me to go to Livadia, where the Czar was dying. The same evening I was on my way, *via* Berlin. You know about my luggage being ready packed for hot or cold climates; well, I took both lots, and it was wise, for the changes in temperature made it very necessary to have thick and thin clothes. On the way, I heard of the Czar's death, and decided it would be best to change my route and go to St. Petersburg. Oh, yes, I met a good many English people on the railway, and made a few sketches *en route*. When I reached St. Petersburg, I went direct to my hotel. Within an hour of arrival I heard English voices at the next table, and, making myself known, made the acquaintance of Mr. Swan, of Armstrong's the shipbuilders. He introduced me forthwith to the resident *Times* correspondent, and I received many kind suggestions as to how to begin work."

"You had first to obtain permission, then?"

"Rather! I tried sketching in the streets, but that was instantly stopped, till I gained my 'permit.' That was after two or three days' waiting, and after I had called on our British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles. I had my passport, of course, but that did not signify; the police had to assure themselves of who I was and what I wanted. As soon as I had my 'permit' from the Prefect of Police, all went well, and I was treated courteously everywhere. The same was the case in Moscow, where I attended the Czar's funeral. It was a very impressive sight in the Cathedral, and the music I shall never forget. Those deep Russian bass voices rang through the building like notes from an organ. No, the crowds in the streets were comparatively small, for the police had notified that citizens must keep indoors and not show themselves at the windows. All that was altered on the occasion of the wedding. The Czar, who had inquired why so few folks were in the streets, gave special orders that police restrictions were to be removed, and, consequently, the streets of St. Petersburg were like London streets on Lord Mayor's Day, and the people were far more enthusiastic than even on the Duke of York's wedding-day. Every man seemed anxious to rush forward and shake the Czar's hand. The excitement was all the more striking after the gloom of the funeral."

"You had special facilities for sketching the wedding ceremony, I believe?"

"Yes; thanks to a letter I wrote to Major-General Ellis, asking if the Prince of Wales could influence the authorities to let me be present. The Prince, with just his usual kindness of heart, handed my letter to the Czar, with the result that I was given a splendid position. And the result you see in this week's *Illustrated*."

"How did you do all those pictures of the funeral?"

"What do you mean? Why, on my beloved Bank of England paper, with a Rowney penny pencil. I posted them off the moment they were finished; they came safely to hand, were given out to artists and engravers, and two days after they arrived the public were criticising the finished pictures. Yes; honestly, I do enjoy that sort of rapid work. Then, as to my wedding pictures, I did five page-sketches on my way home, in the railway carriage. I carried a board about with me, with the paper fastened page over page, and as soon as one was finished it was put aside. So, you see, the moment I came to the *Illustrated* I handed over the pages, complete as far as sketches go."

[I must here interpolate what Mr. Melton Prior did not say. The pencil sketches of which he speaks were remarkable specimens of his skill, and two or three of them, on flimsy paper, were so spirited and picturesque that they were not re-touched in any way, but simply photographed for use immediately. Rising artists, who call slovenly smudge "impressionism," please copy.]

"Now, Mr. Prior, I see your cigarette is out; just a final question—which city did you like best?"

"Oh, Moscow is the city for an artist. You can get a picture from any standpoint. St. Petersburg is full of wide streets, with high houses on each side, not nearly so striking as Moscow. A city of Victoria Streets, did you suggest? Well, that's not a bad comparison. And I forgot to say that everyone wears goloshes; I quite miss them now, though they would not be out of place in muddy London. And now I must be off, but don't forget to say how much courtesy I received from everyone."

D. W.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



SPELLBOUND.—G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A.

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## ART NOTES.

A little collection of paintings and sketches, which is now being exhibited at 175, Piccadilly, is surely one of the most extraordinary triumphs in the face of difficulty which any artist has ever encountered. It consists of the works of Mr. Bartram Hiles, an artist who lost both his arms when a child in consequence of being run over by a tramcar. Such an accident would itself have deterred most ordinary men from pursuing so manual an accomplishment as the art of painting. But



DROWSY MOMENTS.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

Mr. Hiles was no ordinary man. The accomplishment that could not be manual he resolved should be dental, and he accordingly set to work on art, using his teeth, instead of his hand, as a means of grasping the brush.

Nor is Mr. Hiles open to the faint praise of Dr. Johnson in his famous remark upon the preaching of women, "Sir, they cannot do it well, but people are astonished that they do it at all; it is like a dog walking on its hind legs." Mr. Hiles—astonished though we may be that he does it at all—does it really very well. Four years ago he gained the National Art Scholarship of 100 guineas, tenable for two years, and in the same year he received a first-class certificate for modelling in clay among over a thousand competitors. Two bronze medals have also fallen to his lot, and he has also obtained a silver medal for a colour design, which he finished within five hours, at the South Kensington School of Art. He has been hung at various exhibitions, and, altogether, he has done more with his teeth than many of his colleagues have done with their hands.

Mr. Heinemann is engaged in an admirable work by the publication of photogravures from the Cassel Rembrandts. These are accompanied by an essay from the pen of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who is, perhaps, a little more controversial than the occasion demands. Mr. Wedmore is for the attack of a new kind of critic, whom he seems to have invented for his own delight in hitting out. The "cocksure young man" of Mr. Wedmore's lists is apparently a gentleman who is certain of everything and knows very little. Mr. Wedmore describes him as "This later light of criticism, ignorantly surprised when I asserted that Rembrandt's greatest achievements were possibly his etchings." Note the "I."

We have been at some pains to follow the more modern methods of art criticism, and among the characteristics of the typical "cocksure young man"—who is really a very estimable young person, irritating only by reason of his cocksureness—ignorance is not a prominent or peculiar feature, and admiration for Rembrandt the engraver is, perhaps, one of his strongest emotions. Mr. Wedmore must have had

a somewhat unique experience in his dealings with this young "later light of criticism," of whose existence we feel somewhat sceptical. However, to return to the original subject, the Rembrandts at Cassel are very well worth the trouble which Mr. Heinemann is giving to them. There are twenty-one Rembrandts at Cassel, where our National Gallery contains no more than fourteen, and they are, for the most part, exceedingly beautiful, and not nearly well enough known.

The movement in favour of the opening of museums and art collections on Sundays grows apace, although the celebration this year of "Museum Sunday" upon the first Sunday of Advent doubtless interfered with the public references which are customarily made in the interests of that movement in the more important churches. Nevertheless, its popularity was significantly proved by the fact that the visitors to such art exhibitions as were thrown open to the public were this year in a large majority over the numbers of last year. So far as London was concerned, the Dulwich Picture Gallery, the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Flaxman Gallery at University College, the Grafton Gallery Exhibition of "Fair Women," the Brassey Museum in Park Lane, Apsley House, and the Society of Portrait Painters, threw open their doors to an eager and appreciative multitude.

For our part, we cannot too emphatically record our sympathy with the whole movement, and we are cordially at one with Sir Joseph Barnby, who made a very sensible speech before the members of the Sunday Society who assembled the other day at the Piccadilly Galleries. He repelled the common accusation that the aim of the Society is to destroy the idea of a weekly day of rest, when the obvious object of the whole movement is to emphasise the fact of Sunday being a day of rest by providing distraction from business in the contemplation of works of art and the beautiful achievements of the human brain. And, for the matter of that, there is no compulsion upon anybody to visit any gallery if he has no humour for it. If he prefers to sit down and slumber the week's work away, let him by all means do so: that is his way. All that the Sunday Society does is to provide another way.

The possibility of photography in colours has long been eagerly suspected, bitterly denied, and anxiously sought for. The extraordinary



AN ENGLISH GIRL.—JOHN F. ACRET.

Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.

stratagems by which so many photographers have sought to delude the public into the notion that they have discovered the secret have naturally put us all on our guard when we are asked to decide that the discovery has really been made. Therefore, the remarks which we are about to make upon a new method of photography in colours, which we have examined for ourselves, must be taken as set down without prejudice and without partiality. Otherwise it would be obviously useless to make any





THE MAGIC SPINDLE.—SYDNEY MUSCHAMP.

“‘Good-day, good mother,’ said the king’s daughter. ‘What are you doing?’ ‘I am spinning,’ said the old woman, nodding her head.”  
—ROSALINE in *Grimm’s Fairy Tales*.  
EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.



“HOW VERY LIKE!”—HAYNES KING.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.

remarks at all upon the subject. It is called, we believe, the Matthieu process, and at present its headquarters are at the studios of Messrs. Lombardi, of Pall Mall.

You would say, at a first glimpse of this method, that, at last, the general axiom has been reversed, and that the same causes can produce different effects. The method is extremely simple. Three plaques are specially prepared for photography in the three primary colours, yellow, blue, and red. That is to say, each plate rejects anything save the one colour for which it is prepared. You now have your three plaques, each representing in one single colour the picture, say, that has been photographed. We have seen it with our eyes, and we know. Let us suppose, then, for facility of explanation, that each of the three films is mounted on plate glass, as it was on the occasion of our visit. As a matter of fact, the three films are joined together, in the result, without any glass. It is clear that no other colours are present, save blue, yellow, and a rather crude red; the uniformity of the colours cannot be doubted: there are the three films mounted on glass in the three primary colours. The next step is simple. You superimpose the blue upon the yellow film, with a greenish-yellow result. The original picture appears thus coloured. The red film is then placed over this combination, and it is



"BENA," "HUFFY," "BEAU," AND "BELLE," THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S FAVOURITE PONIES.

we started, that, apparently, the same causes produce an entirely different effect. We do not pretend to explain the reason of these different results. What subtle preparation the sun itself makes in the very essence of the films, which, by the aid of the three primary colours, show forth the original shades of secondary colours differently in different photographs, we do not pretend to divine. The fact suffices, and none can deny that the fact is an extraordinary one.

"La Vie de Londres" (Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) is the title of the latest album from the pencil of the indefatigable Mars. He has confined himself almost exclusively to "Le West End" and the river, and his sketches include nearly everything to be seen there, from "Les Beaux Militaires" to "Les Babies." The gallant Guardsman seems to have captured the heart of M. Mars, as he ought to fascinate any namesake of the great god of battle. True, he has somewhat curious ideas of the Guardsman's tastes, for it may be questioned whether the Guardsman would deign to whisper sweet nothings on the Embankment, as he is here depicted, to a young woman, who, while possibly meant to be a nursemaid, is, in point of fact, an unmistakable "donnah." Again, his sketches of lady music-hall performers are rather more Parisian in appearance than we are accustomed to. But the album as a whole is very amusing, showing, in a way even more striking than a written description would do, how London strikes a foreigner. Every alternate page is printed in colour, and the book would make an appropriate Christmas gift.

The *Art Journal* for the current month contains an admirable reproduction of Sir John Millais' famous picture "Little Miss Muffet." Among many other items of interest may be noted reproductions of two of Mr. Whistler's pictures, "The Little White Girl" and "The Comte de Montesquieu." Title-page and index are given with the present issue.



"SANDRINGHAM COUNT" AND W. BRUNSDON, KEEPER OF THE DOGS.

found that the original colours of the picture—brown, mauve, or what you please—appear. The odd thing is that, although precisely the same colours are used for another photograph, an entirely new result of colour is obtained. We come back, therefore, to the point from which



SANDRINGHAM, FROM THE LOWER LAKE.



"JACK" AND "RUFF," FAVOURITE CATS OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE LADY JOURNALIST.—No. I.

THE INTERVIEWER: "And don't you think the English women the most beautiful in the world?"



VISITOR : “ Are you in want of any new jokes ? I’ve brought two with me——”



EDITOR (with tears of joy) : “ My deliverer ! my angel ! ”



VISITOR (continuing) : “ One of them is about a mother-in-law——”

EDITOR (in a terrible voice) : “ And the other ? ”

VISITOR : “ That is about a drunken man who sees two of everything.”







FIRST PRESSMAN : " Got out your Christmas Number, yet ? "

SECOND PRESSMAN : " No, we are going to wait a while, when we can have the field to ourselves—no competition, you know. Bound to have a big boom, my boy."

FIRST PRESSMAN : " By George ! you 'll be lucky. When 'll that be—Midsummer ? "

SECOND PRESSMAN : " No, Christmas ! "

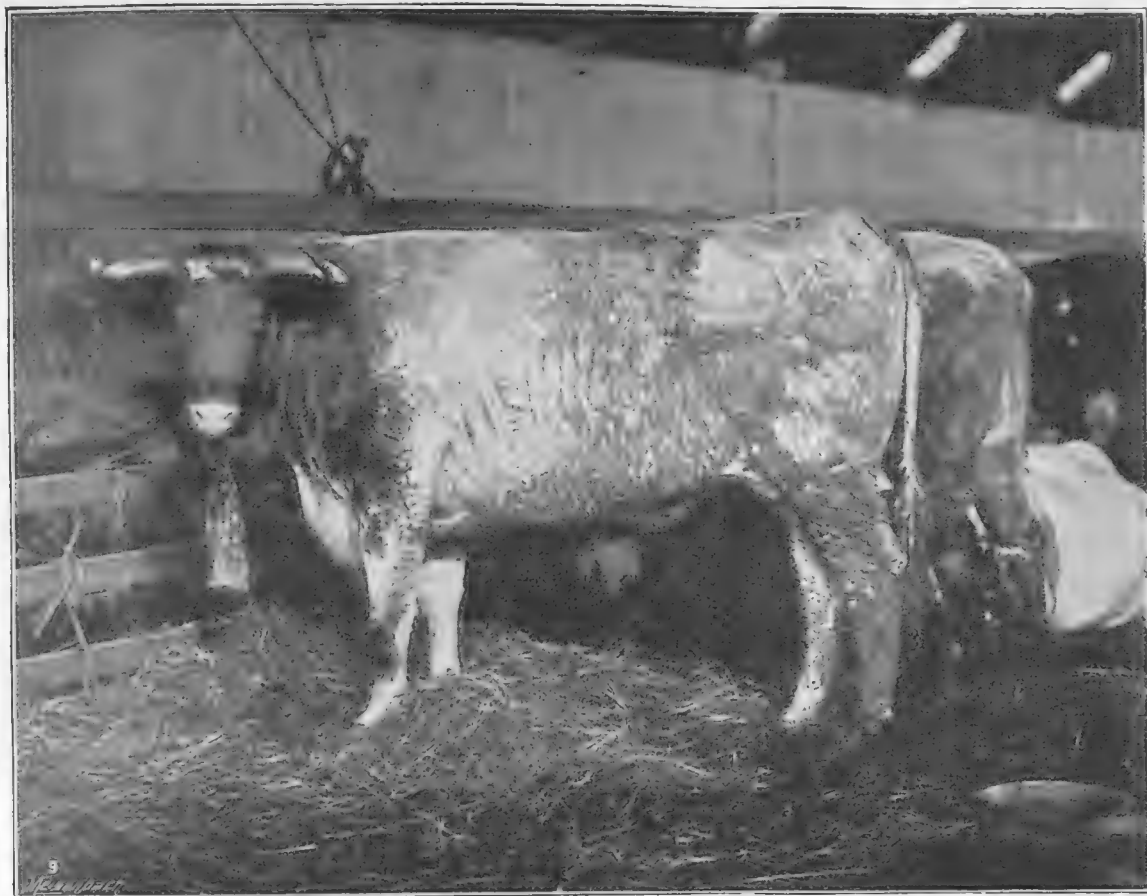


AT A FANCY DRESS BALL: CHECKMATE!



## LIVE BEEF FROM AUSTRALIA.

Australian pastoralists seem determined to find an outlet somewhere for their ever-increasing surplus stock, and, not being satisfied with the results of recent shipments of frozen meat, are now experimenting in



A SHORTHORN BULLOCK ON BOARD SHIP.

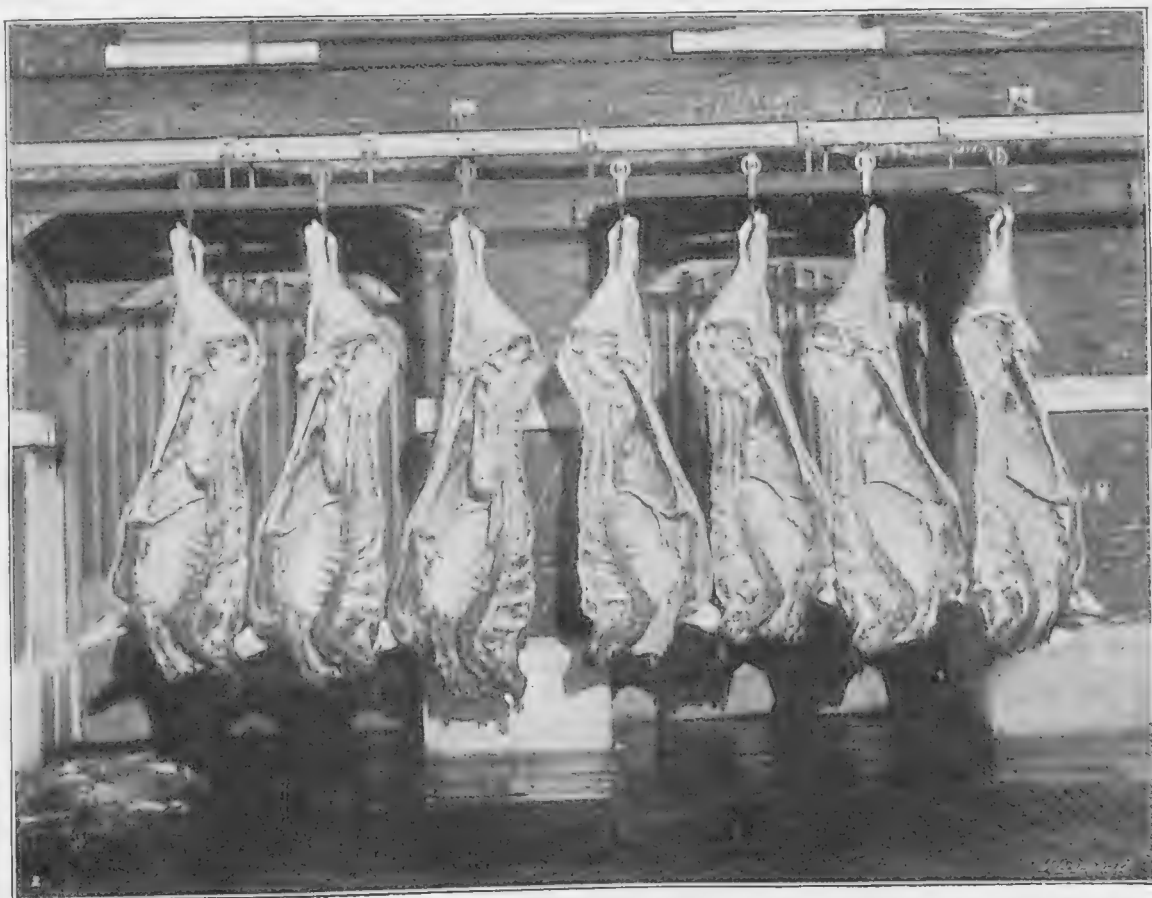
sending home live cattle. Mr. M. C. Thomson, of Queensland, is now visiting England in connection with this business. The accompanying photographs show some of the bullocks sent home in the steamship Port Pirie, which sailed from Sydney in August. Although the voyage was a long one, extending over sixty days, the condition of the animals at the end of it showed that the raw material can be landed in excellent condition. The price realised was over £20 per head all round for the whole shipment, which ought to leave a fair margin for the grower; but as the expenses connected with freight, fodder, &c., are not available here, accounts are not yet complete. Smithfield experts considered the meat equal to prime Scotch; if anything, it was too fat. The cattle were shipped by Mr. J. H. Geddes of Sydney, and consigned to J. Potter and Co., Fenchurch Avenue.

## PLAYS IN PRINT.

There was a time when English plays were printed in exhaustive series. Now and again in the second-hand booksellers' shops may be found some of these collections, grandiloquently styled the "British Drama," bound in faded calf, and "embellished" with curious steel engravings of forgotten actors in impossible attitudes. These editions are to be found side by side with the "British Essayists," and odd volumes find their way into the ruthless fourpenny box, amid the waifs and strays of forgotten bookdom. A lull of half a century intervenes, when the printed "British Drama" is *non est*, ousted probably by the dominant novel. But the tide seems to have turned once again in favour of the printed play, and our dramatists are suing for that larger audience which constitutes the reading public. If

proof were needed of this it may be found in the fact that within a week or two of each other eleven plays have appeared in print. First may be mentioned Mr. Pinero's "Weaker Sex," forming the tenth volume of Mr. Heinemann's issue of this writer's plays. Then Messrs. Macmillan have issued, strangely enough, through their New York branch, Mr. Jones's "Judah," to which Mr. Joseph Knight contributes an enthusiastic appreciation. "Judah" is of special interest at this moment, in view of the success of "The Case of Rebellious Susan," for the two plays contain almost parallel cases of very much up-to-date young people who fall in love. In "Judah" we have Juxon Prall and Sophie Jopp, whose wooing is one of the funniest ever thought of. In "The Case of Rebellious Susan" we have Mr. Fergusson Pybus and Elaine Shrimpton, who form a sort of sequel to the career of the other two, inasmuch as it is their married life that is drawn most carefully. The similarity of the twin parts is further heightened by the fact that Mr. Fred Kerr in both cases plays the man's part. The third volume contains nine of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays (Chatto and Windus), forming the third series of his dramatic writings. No dramatic work of the last twenty years is so familiar to the public as Gilbertian libretto, and whatever the dramatic corps may think of it, there can be no doubt that the playgoing public have not exhausted the pleasures of his comic-opera wit. For some reason "Iolanthe" is omitted from the collection, and for another the cast of "Patience" is left out—but that is a detail. One turns with wonder to the extraordinary rhyming facility of Mr. Gilbert. Of course, he could hardly fail to repeat himself; the marvel is he does not do so oftener. Probably no other English rhymers has capered in so many

metres and so many rhymes; and still they come, a unique rhyming dictionary in themselves. And Mr. Gilbert is not only a lyricist—he can write sparkling dialogue. It is there that he beats all our librettists, some of whom almost approach him in the mere matter of rhyme. Altogether, these three volumes of plays are admirable specimens of the contemporary theatre. And they are suited quite as much for enjoyment at the fireside as at the footlights.



CARCASSES DRESSED FOR SMITHFIELD.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The confusion of thought that is usual in the mind of the average person is nowhere clearer shown than in the utter disorganisation of language in the common newspaper article. It is not only that the "split infinitive" and the phrases "different to" and "and which," with the superfluous "and," are common; nor is it merely that the verb "to prefer" is followed by "than." This is imperfect education. But still more is it the fact that our language is becoming debased by the constant misuse of words, by the constant employment of one term instead of another. The facets of words are worn down by rolling them to and fro among others with which they should not be mingled; and what might be a gem is degraded to a mere blunt pebble.

Take, for example, the misuse, by even educated people, of the words "vulgar, vulgarity." The adjective carries its meaning on its face; it denotes that which belongs to the common herd—commonplace and undistinguished. Hence, naturally, comes the further meaning of incongruity more or less unseemly—when that which is essentially ordinary and low is thrust into contact with surroundings of a higher order. Thus, ostentation in dress is vulgar at a party; it is not vulgar at a Covent Garden fancy-dress ball. A pun is vulgar in a sermon, but not in a pantomime.

But of late "vulgarity" is used to denote what used to be called "indecent"—in other words, a deviation from the conventional standard of what is thought suitable for allusion in society. This standard varies with the society. Sometimes it proscribes anything which would bring a blush to the cheek of Mr. Podsnap's Young Person, sometimes it permits anything short of mere obscenity. Anything alluding to matters which in the opinion of the censor should not be mentioned on a particular occasion, is "vulgar." Now this is a wilful abuse of the English language. We had a very good word in "indecent" to express the violation of what society, or somebody speaking for society, thinks to be the standard of the becoming; we want the word "vulgar" to express something quite different. An allusion to a mother-in-law in a farce or burlesque may be strictly proper, and yet intensely vulgar—vulgar, not because it is improper, but because it is hackneyed and out of place; whereas, the riskiest line in a French play may be artistically right, dramatically natural, and delightfully witty, and therefore not vulgar.

It is this quality of distinction and artistic merit that severs impropriety from vulgarity, whether virtuous or vicious. Wit, as Burke said of courtesy, takes away half the evil of vice by taking away all its grossness. (I quote from memory.) And this is absolutely true. Good people are apt to be bitter against writers who have allowed themselves to touch on vice, except in solemn reprobation, and who have treated the morally wrong with light irony. They accuse the dramatists and novelists of France of corrupting their readers by their literary skill, and think that the greater the art the worse is the corruption.

Now, this is not only not true, but almost the reverse of the truth. The most corrupting works in literature—that is, those which most tend to arouse unseemly thoughts—are those vague, sentimental, and frequently semi-religious stories, which involve everything in an unreal haze. Such have a false appearance of art, but no more. Next in the order of demoralising power are the impassioned and gushing assaults on vice by vividly descriptive philanthropists, which getting, as they usually do, into the hands of those who would otherwise never be brought into contact with the matters they exaggerate, are excellently fitted to unbalance the young and enthusiastic. Next come, probably, realistic accounts such as those of Zola, certainly written without intent to corrupt, and, therefore, in a measure, corrupting; next, again, avowedly obscene writing, which is generally of extreme stupidity, and unreadable by anyone with any sense of literary wit; and lastly come those works in which the wit may be questionable, but which are read for the wit, and not for the questionable character.

The immortal and unique "Gyp" is constantly skating on the thinnest of ice, and round the edge of the most dangerous topics; yet, with all this, she remains a writer as healthy as witty, and I would be willing to bet heavily against her having ever demoralised anyone, except, perhaps, in a translation.

MARMITON.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## YVETTE GUILBERT AT THE EMPIRE.

After Yvette Guilbert had sung "Le Petit Cochon," a man, who had joined the rest of the house in hearty laughter at her singing, asked me what the song was about. "It tells," said I, "the history of a pig who was happy with his mate"—the song says his "Dulcinea," but lovers of Cervantes will "smoke" an error in the word—"till a pig stronger than he was put into the sty, and number one, after a stout fight with the intruder, was beaten, and had to put up with bigamy on the part of the lady, and it hints that such a state of things is not confined to the pachyderm race." The man gazed at me with a surprised air. "Isn't that rather shocking?" he said. "Not a bit," I replied; "it's French."

It is dreadful that such things should be allowed," he answered. "I am positively horrified."

"But you weren't: you didn't understand; how do you know I told the truth about the meaning?"

He seemed puzzled. "Sir, you look like a gentleman that would hardly tell an untruth," he observed.

"I will convey your compliment to my tailor; he deserves it," was the rejoinder. "I understood and was not shocked in the least. You do not grasp the situation. It is a positive benefit that she should sing scandalous songs exquisitely in a tongue not understood by the people. It encourages the masses to study French in the hope of being shocked—the pleasantest of all sensations—and a result of a knowledge of French will be a truer appreciation of our neighbours and constant amity with them. Guilbert ought to be subsidised by the Peace Society, but only on condition that she always sings shocking songs."

My interlocutor went away, probably to get a drink—outside the auditorium. Really "Le Petit Cochon" is after all *pas mal cochon*, if I may use a phrase that Littré scorns, and so, too, were "Ma Grand-mère," "Le papillon qui passe," and "Le Pensionnat." Yet I do not feel virtuously indignant. The truth is that Yvette's art in telling them is so superb that you do not think of anything save her wonderful skill and the actual fun of the matter.

Of course, everyone knows Béranger's song, "Ma Grand-mère"—except, I hope, Macaulay's schoolboy, who might be corrupted by it—and all the world is aware, or pretends to be, that it is as candid as the incidental songs in "Hamlet." Do people read, nowadays, the wonderful works of the Parisian Tyrtæus whose friends bade him *au revoir* when each volume of his works was published, sure that he would be compelled to "do" some months in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie? It would be a pity if the world lost pleasure in the poems that caused the brave, unmercenary poet to be classed by such a critic as Sainte-Beuve with Horace, Burns, and La Fontaine.

One of the most curious literary coincidences that I know lies in the use, by the delightful Thomas Love Peacock, of the idea contained in the charming lines from "Le Roi d'Yvetot"—

Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira  
Que le peuple qui l'enterra  
Pleura.

Peacock in "Headlong Hall" wrote—

He never made a brow look dark,  
Nor caused a tear but when he died.

As "Le Roi d'Yvetot" was published in 1815, and was in Béranger's first volume of songs, it is not likely that Peacock, whose "Headlong Hall" was published in 1816, had seen the French poem before his poem "Three Times Three" was written. Thackeray's two imitations are known by many, yet may well be given. One is—

'Twas only when he came to die  
That his people who stood by  
Were known to cry.

The other—

And in the years he reigned: through all this country wide  
There was no cause for weeping, save when the good man died.

However, I seem to have got rather far away from Yvette or "Dinette" Guilbert, certainly more than half a century away; yet it is in my mind that if she, the greatest sayer of songs that our days have known, would give a concert with a programme taken from Béranger's works it would be delightful—ought one to put the unkindly "de" to the name that he claimed? Nevertheless, her present *répertoire* is good enough to make me wish to spend fifteen minutes every evening at the Empire. To listen to the great artist while she uses the voice which grows more and more like that of the *bouche d'or* of Bernhardt in presenting the woful tragedy of the drunken woman in "La Soularde," is fascinating. She has realised a picture in the style of the modern school of almost brutal realism in which *Le Courrier Français* has played a great part, and the effect is more potent than that of a ton of temperance tracts.

No doubt one prefers the gay, irresponsible, a-moral—not, perhaps, immoral—songs of "Le Petit Cochon" and "Le Pensionnat" type, in which one's sense of humour is tickled to uncontrollable laughter by the strange art of the stately, handsome, tranquil singer; yet it is well to have even such a gloomy *repoussoir* as "La Soularde," against them. Possibly before these lines appear Yvette Guilbert will have changed her programme, and, to some extent, her method, since she may say, like Shakspeare, "Mynature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." Nevertheless, whatever song she sings, you will get some form of pleasure from it. Even if you do not understand French well enough to be able to follow the words, Yvette Guilbert will delight you, even as she delighted hundreds the other night who have little or no knowledge of the tongue in which she sings.

MONOCLE.



## "A COMING COUPLE."

Photographs by Hana, Strand.

Mr. Fred and Miss Lillie Harrison, the clever brother and sister duettists and dancers, whose counterfeit presentments are here given, were born in London in the seventies, the one being twenty-five years of age, and the other barely in her seventeenth year. At a very early age each



child manifested a strong predilection for theatricals, and the boy surreptitiously purchased some "properties" wherewith to grace the mock dramas they loved to enact in the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room. At one time Fred had a great inclination for circus business, but the incidentals were of such a rough-and-ready character that he never reached the stage where he was able to dispense with the protecting rope. Miss Lillie's early reminiscences were principally those of the school-room variety order, for she was a capital little singer of descriptive pieces of the style of Miss Nellie Farren's "street boy" songs; but she always resolutely refused to attempt anything unless the request to "dress me up" had been complied with. Then, no matter how incongruous the costume, she would gravely and seriously go through



her part. However, those days passed all too soon, and hard work had to be gone through to fit the young people for the profession of their choice. Both have had the best English and foreign professors of the terpsichorean art, but, singularly enough, their Spanish dancing was taught them by an Englishman. For some time Fred was engaged at the Haymarket and Lyceum Theatres, as well as at the Royal Italian Opera, and he is already an established provincial favourite. Miss Lillie has also done much work in the provincial theatres, as well as assisting her brother and others, for several seasons, at "at homes," &c., where she had great success, especially with her serpentine dancing. However, lately the young couple have turned their attention more towards the variety business, and their efforts as duettists and dancers have received the highest praise on all sides. Their burlesque "Continental" duet, which forms the subject of our illustrations, is an up-to-date act, full of dash and go.

H. T.

## BREAKFAST OF SORTS.

By divine right of priority, breakfast, as a function, should be assigned a more important position than it commonly holds—in the up-to-date masculine regards, at all events. That modish mankind more honours the custom in breach than observance, must, however, be inevitably admitted. At best the process is resolved into a desultory pecking, more often into a series of weird experiments, which are made in the faint yet fervent hope of tickling lost appetite into a respectable semblance of activity. The submerged tenth of palate which has not yet shaken off reminiscences of a previous two a.m. is, however, a sulky slave at best, whose tantrums leave him slowly. The impeccable Pekoe does not soothe him, nor the innocent toast-rack charm. Strawberries and bitters are more in his wayward way, and the pungent pricks of capsicum. "As a man breakfasts, so doth he live," might be written large of a big majority. In men who breakfast at their clubs more or less habitually, two types are most uniformly noticeable: the iron-chested relic of old soldier or citizen, whose highly-seasoned



palate might well revert to a respectable sobriety in virtue of declining decades. Very much devilled kidneys floated down upon brandies and sodas replace the peaceful traditions of Mocha and dry toast, not to mention bread and milk, which would still more suit the constitutional requirements of both. Breakfasts these which tell a tale of not one night, but a life of nights, which have worn out taste from mind and palate alike, leaving everything flavourless, even to the diabolically hot curry which that old fellow in the corner masticates with as much unconcern as if he were a pure-bred salamander. There are a couple of subs, up on short leave, at another table, on which a decent show of cutlets, fried sole, cold grouse, eggs variously, and other aids to appetite have been spread. They toy with their teacups and pretend to negotiate a wing-bone, but it's no manner of use in the face of that naughty nausea which the sight of their wholesome morning food has summoned. Much differing from this leisurely trifling is the hurried meal of the busy man, by whom the rite is scarcely more ill-used than by the foregoing frivollers. A scramble through breakfast means a scramble through life, and shaving off flesh at the chin, scalding one's inside with bolted hot tea, rushing for a train, and missing one's appointment, are only its concomitants, even leaving out indigestion and bad language which follow. In the free and easy country house, where tea, coffee, and otherwise are going from nine till twelve, there is not a more charming, inconsequent, entirely pleasant meal in all the day than breakfast. Each casual arrival brings more interest into the room with him than his intrinsic value would warrant later in the day, and the unexpected is for ever happening in everybody's news from town, which is generally shared by the well-posted recipient.

M. B. C.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

The most fashionable football event of the year takes place at Queen's Club, West Kensington, to-day. The occasion is the twenty-second annual Rugby match between representative teams of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. It is not, of course, such a gay affair as the cricket match at Lord's. The difference in atmosphere accounts for the difference of the hue in dresses. You do not expect to see a butterfly in the dead of winter, and white gossamer, although matching with the snow, would not be particularly appropriate in a December fog.

But however disguised, the people at Queen's Club to-day will be practically the same as the July crowd at St. John's Wood. There is nothing of the picnic order about the Rugby football match. Everyone comes to see eighty minutes of a fierce, fast fight—to see thirty young

exception of Newport, is the strongest of the year. The Oxford fifteen have modelled their style on the Welsh game, and a very pretty game it is. Although Cambridge adopt the Welsh formation of four three-quarters and eight forwards, the team, as a whole, has not secured that degree of cohesion and machine-like accuracy which is essential to the effectiveness of the modern passing game. Four times Cambridge have been defeated this season, and each time by clubs not quite of the first order. Against weak teams the Cantabs have occasionally run up very large scores; but with the defence which Oxford possesses, they are not at all likely to do that to-day.

In view of the crisis between the Rugby Union and most of the Northern clubs over the question of professionalism, the match between



THE GRIQUALAND WEST FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

men in the flower of youth, and full of manhood's strength, engaged in a struggle not only for themselves, but for the honour of their respective 'Varsities. They know that the issue of the match will create a record that time does not easily efface, and it may be, in the years to come, when this three-quarter-back is a judge on the bench, or that fierce scrummager an archdeacon, that the young bloods of the two thousandth century will refer to the marvellous runs of So-and-so, or how the great What's-his-name dropped a goal that won the match.

It is, in a measure, unfortunate that one side should, in the various contests leading up to the 'Varsity match, have singled itself out as a much stronger fifteen. Yet one knows from past experience that, no matter how the 'Varsities may shape against other clubs, the great battle of the year usually sees a close struggle between the rival seats of learning. Last season, for instance, Cambridge were slight favourites, and yet Oxford won by the narrowest of majorities. This year, however, Oxford appears to be stronger all round than her rivals. It is not a question of being better, man for man, so much as the superiority in the all-important question of combination. The only club to beat Oxford this year has been Cardiff—a fifteen which, with perhaps the single

the North and South, to be played at Blackheath next Saturday, is being looked forward to with peculiar interest. It is just possible, should the long-threatened split between North and South occur, that this match will be the last of its kind. For the sake of old associations it is to be hoped that this will not be the case. Yet if the Rugby Union pursue their stern, unbending policy, it is difficult to see on what ground the North and South can meet in future. I apprehend that if the Northern clubs secede from the Union the latter will wash their hands of the Northerner and all his ways. I have no doubt the Northerner will bear the ostracism with complacency, and the loss, if loss there be, will, I think, fall more heavily on the Rugby Union.

Northerners, as usual, have every confidence in the fifteen selected to do battle for them against the South. This year perhaps more than ever the North are thirsting to show the superiority of their football over Southern ditto. They had better, however, not make too sure. I am as fully convinced of the strength of the Northern fifteen as most people, but, for all that, I am not blind to the good points in the Southern combination. I think the South ought to hold their own forward, and if they can do this we shall probably be superior at



half-back. In the three-quarter line I expect the Northerners will have an advantage, and at full-back, again, Mr. Bryne ought to be more than equal to Mr. Ward. Speaking without prejudice, I believe that the North are the stronger side, and ought to win, but it sometimes happens, through the accidents of war, that the best side does not win.

When the Stade Français defeated Civil Service in Paris, there was a Hallelujah Chorus of praise in the French Press on the supposed superiority of French to English football. It was a silly manifestation altogether, and could only be the unripe fruit of ignorance. The Civil Service club makes no pretensions whatever to be in the first or even the second rank of English clubs. A different tale was told when a really good English club—Manningham, to wit—travelled to Paris the other day, and simply did as they pleased with the Frenchmen. They won by any number of points to nothing, and even then were never extended. Some day I hope French football will be equal to the best British article, but, until then, French critics had better lie low.

There is little new to report in the Association world, excepting, perhaps, it be the advance of Aston Villa to the third place in the League. This they accomplished by an unlooked-for victory over the Rovers at Blackburn, and since then they have fully maintained their position. I am afraid it is too late for the Villans to seriously challenge Everton and Sunderland for the championship, but in these days of surprises one never knows.

The Socker game at the 'Varsities is not attracting quite so much attention at present. The only noticeable improvement is in the Cambridge eleven, but, no doubt, there was plenty of room for it. Oxford appear to be a little off their game for the moment, but I have no doubt they will come again and treat us to some of the beautifully correct play which delighted everyone a few weeks ago.

The football epidemic is no respecter of countries. Its outbreak in South Africa has repeatedly been noted in these pages, and some notice may now be given of the progress of the game in Kimberley. There, as at home, Association has asserted itself, though not without a struggle on the part of Rugby. About five years ago the Griqualand West Football Association was formed, and it has been so popular that three divisions, with six competition cups at their disposal, are now alive and kicking—the epithet is more than metaphorical. The Association is notable as having been the first to cater for the schoolboy. Two cups are competed for by the third eleven, and the team that captured one of them is presented in the accompanying photograph. Organised by Mr. H. Jacobson, and trained by Mr. J. McCurry, the youngsters during the season played eleven matches (of which five were cup ties), and won them all, scoring 27 goals against 4.

OLYMPIAN.

### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

West Country sportsmen well know to whom I refer when I say that the two finest men in the saddle are the Marquis of Worcester and Mr. Montague Guest. Both stand over six feet two, and both are good riders. The Marquis of Worcester, who has for many years hunted the Badminton hounds, is a bachelor. He was born in 1847, but does not look anything like forty-seven years of age. He was formerly a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, and also Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon. Colonel of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. He is seldom seen in town, although he sometimes, in the summer, is fond of careering along the upper reaches of the Thames in a steam launch. His clubs are the Carlton, Bachelors' and Marlborough. The Marquis is, of course, best known as the director of the Badminton Hunt. In that capacity he works very hard. He has often hunted six days per week, and on at least two of the days the meet took place twenty miles from the kennels. He displays the soundest judgment in regulating the field, and is very patient with his hounds. He knows every foot of the Badminton country, and is seldom pounded, although I have seen him stopped by barbed wire. The Marquis always manages to make himself popular with the farmers in his district, and the result is that plenty of foxes are forthcoming. As the son and heir of the Duke of Beaufort, of course, Lord Worcester has big social functions to perform; but these have never been allowed to interfere with his hunting.

Colonel North has had a very bad season both with his horses and his dogs, and I fancy the Colonel is too patriotic, for if he starts three horses in one race he backs the lot. The reason for this is, I believe, that the Colonel has before now been on the wrong one, and it is said that the greatest puzzle he has is to know which of his horses will win when more than one is running. The Colonel is such a good sportsman that we all hope his luck may change for the better.

Mr. W. Allison, who is working so hard for the Sporting League, is highly charged with administrative ability, and he is the right man in the right place; but, if I may offer a suggestion, I would hint that the League should do a little agitation on their own account. I mean, they should employ a couple of good lecturers to stump the country in favour of

the upholding of our sports and pastimes. A counterblast of this sort, if loud enough, would prove a telling corrective, and it would help to make the Sporting League stronger than it has become already.

I have for many years advocated the giving away of race cards, but I am afraid the racecourse officials are too conservative a body to adopt the plan. It would, however, be to their interest to do so, and by letting the back page of the card for advertisements a big revenue might be gained by the change. Mr. H. M. Dorling prints trade announcements on the back of the Epsom and Brighton cards, and, to his credit be it said, he sells them at a very low price to the boys, who often retail them at fourpence each to the public.

So far, the season under National Hunt Rules has been tame, but many of the best jumpers are not yet fit, and will not be seen out before the New Year's meeting at Manchester. It is strange how few trainers we have that can prepare steeplechase horses, and, with one or two notable exceptions, I find that the best trainers for jumpers are those who ride at school themselves. Harry Escott, Arthur Nightingall, Willie Nightingall, and Mumford are successful, and they often ride at exercise.

Many of the flat-race jockeys are spending a very pleasant winter. The exceptions are T. Loates, who is a martyr to dyspepsia, probably brought on by wasting; Bradford, who is down with typhoid; and Huxtable, whose broken leg is, I am glad to hear, mending fast. I believe M. Cannon has been sailing his yacht on the Southampton Water. Watts and Webb go in strongly for hunting and shooting. E. Martin is a fervent follower of coursing. Sam Loates, who is about to marry Miss Enoch, is fond of billiards, and R. Chaloner is a bird and dog fancier; he owns some valuable pigeons. Fagan is a great curler, G. Chaloner shoots pigeons and plays billiards, and Collins, who is never so happy as when on a horse, follows the fox as straight as the crow flies.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps will be published in the first week in January, therefore we have not long to wait for the material on which to lay arguments. I hear already of certain trainers who are giving their horses steady work with a view to their engagements next March, and many yearlings are in daily exercise. It is predicted that the two-year-olds of 1895 will be a very fine lot. This, however, must be left to time to prove. I do not think the three-year-olds will be above the average.

When the story of the development of South Africa comes to be written the name of Donald Currie will figure largely in it. It would be difficult to find a more striking evidence of the growth of trade with the Cape than that afforded by the rapid building up of the Castle line, the magnificent vessels of which are elaborately illustrated in an album of the fleet which Messrs. Currie have just issued.

The diaries of Messrs. Walker, of Farringdon House, might be described appropriately with a series of epithets beginning with the letter "d"—such as delightful, dainty, distinct, and the like. They are admirably suited for the purpose they are intended to serve, and the get-up of them is excellent.

A 'bus from Victoria stopped the other evening for four or five minutes before the Grosvenor Hotel. The driver of the 'bus that had started long after it shouted out on passing, "'Ere! wot are yer goin' to do—make a lodgin'-ouse of it?"



Photo by J. R. Singer, Chippenham.

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER ON BLACKLOCK.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## SHOPPING WITH SANTA CLAUS.

The army of the present-seekers seems already so eager to be on the march to the field of action, that Santa Claus and I found that if we were to act as scouts, and report on the condition of the land, we should have to do so with promptitude and despatch, so here, without further delay, are the impressions of our week's peregrinations together. We made a start at those huge premises at 158 to 162, Oxford Street, bearing the famous name of Mappin and Webb, and here Santa Claus was literally



CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

overwhelmed by the profusion of the things of beauty and usefulness which are destined to give pleasure to hundreds of people during his short but cheery reign. As for me, I was struck anew with admiration at the ingenuity which, in an age of novelties, could produce still more novelties, and those, too, of a distinctive nature. What, for instance, could more readily appeal to lovers of the quaint and curious than the oak cigar and tobacco case, fashioned in the exact similitude of a Great Western Railway coal-truck, every little detail being faithfully copied in miniature, and realism even being carried to the extent of a dusting of genuine coal (carefully varnished over, of course) being used to cover the lid. And the moderate sum of one guinea purchases this useful and novel article, the form and fashion of which you can see by the

accompanying illustration. The "Beatrice" manicure case is fitted with a pair of scissors, a cuticle-knife, a file, and a nail-cleaner, all of which, though they are composed of beautifully chased silver, are sold complete for the surprisingly low sum of twenty-five shillings, a price which is tempting enough to induce anyone to make the care of their hands a special business and pastime at once, for with such dainty tools as these any work would be a pleasure. Of course, if you so wish it, you can get a much more elaborate manicure case in silver for £4 10s., or in silver-gilt for six pounds; but for all ordinary purposes the "Beatrice" is likely to be first favourite. Then, for my lady's dressing-

table there is the handsome cut-glass scent-bottle, with chased silver top, which the most critical scrutiniser would never guess to be only twenty-five shillings (though this, as a matter of fact, is its actual price); while in almost any boudoir or dressing-room a corner would gladly be found for the handsome little table-bell of elaborately chased silver on an onyx stand—intending purchasers please note that it is priced at £2 10s.—if the fair recipient wishes to return the compliment she may be sure of pleasing if she selects the ash-tray of polished fancy marble, with silver cigar-rest attached, and, as the price is only 16s. 6d., she can appear very generous for a small expenditure, and, at the same time, revel in her fifty-shilling bell. A moss-green leather blotting-case, with beautifully chased and pierced silver mounts, is only £1 15s., or, with silver monogram, half a guinea extra, and this is a gift which would appeal to any and every one, for letter-writing is a part of the daily routine where the majority of people are concerned; so it would keep the donor's memory green, both by means of its colour and continual usefulness. But quaintest and, in its way, most wonderful of all, is the tiny silver combination paper-knife and book-marker, which is also fitted at the end with a strong magnifying glass, beneath which nestles a Tom Thumb dictionary, the print of which is so infinitesimal that without the aid of the magnifying glass it is absolutely impossible for the sharpest eyes to make out a word. As a curiosity alone this is worthy of purchase, but on the grounds of practical usefulness, also, it is by no means to be despised, while, as it is only 8s. 6d., everyone can afford to indulge their fancy and become the possessor of one of these Lilliputian wonders. Passing on to the articles of more practical use where household purposes are concerned, what could be more perfectly artistic in their absolute simplicity than the gracefully outlined cream-ewer and sugar-basin of the period of James I., which, made in sterling silver, are only three guineas? Or, taking another instance of a successful copy from the antique, it would be difficult to surpass in beauty of design and execution the wine or spirit bottle which is modelled after an old Flemish original, the effect of the chased design being still further enhanced by curved lines of ribbed glass, faintly touched with gold dust, in harmony with the silver-gilt top. The most inexpensive wines would gain a certain reflected charm from such a daintily lovely receptacle, and so it is quite worth while expending the small sum of thirty-five shillings on its purchase. Another table-beautifier is the oval-shaped sweetmeat-dish in sterling silver, beautifully chased and pierced—£3 10s. is the price—and though Messrs. Mappin and Webb's store of these pretty things is simply enormous, this is certainly one of the most effective designs. Then there is a diminutive silver saucepan, which fits over a little stand, holding just sufficient methylated spirits to heat the contents of the pan, which—the truth must out sooner or later—are intended to consist of brandy. "For use in the sick-room" is the redeeming phrase which must be tacked on to its qualifications, together with the price of fifty shillings.

And, even yet, Santa Claus does not consider that votive offerings have been done full justice, for he reminds me of a noteworthy novelty in the form of a stand for half-a-dozen tarts, provided, too, with a cleverly shaped fork for serving, and sold at two pounds; of a handsome glass biscuit-barrel, also sketched, which is finished at the foot with a rim of silver, and with a silver lid and mountings—truly a wonderful bargain for £2 15s.; and then, as inducements to industry, of the daintiest scissors and thimbles, in chased and pierced silver, enclosed in satin-lined cases, for 16s. 6d.; while work-lovers can be presented with a prize in the shape of a silver-gilt shoe-horn and button-hook for fifty shillings. For the photographs of particularly favoured ones there are really beautiful cabinet frames of handsomely chased and pierced silver, and priced, withal, as low as £1 2s. 6d., so, as most people have, somewhere or other, a photograph which they would delight to honour, these frames are ideal Christmas presents. For all whom it may concern, let me impart the well-known fact that Messrs. Mappin and Webb's city address is 2, Queen Victoria Street, just opposite the Mansion House, and also, what may not be so generally known, that their catalogue of Christmas novelties is now ready to be sent out post free on application, and then the rest must be left to your own appreciative sense of what is good, cheap, and novel.

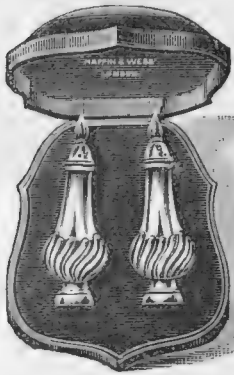
Then, though by no means weary of all these things of beauty, Santa Claus turned our steps Wigmore Street way, for there was a special

[Continued on page 337.]

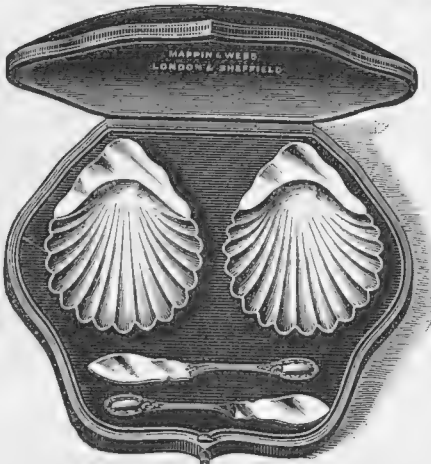


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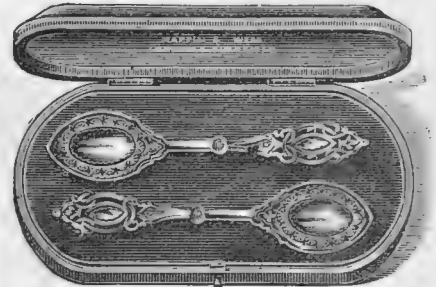
Two Fluted Sterling Silver Muffineers, in Morocco Case. £2 5s.



Two Sterling Silver Escalloped Butter-Shells and Two Knives, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £3 15s. One Shell and Knife, in Case, £2.



Registered Design. Fluted "Princess" Sugar-Bowl, Cream-Jug, interiors richly gilt, and Sugar-Tongs, in Morocco Case, £2 15s.

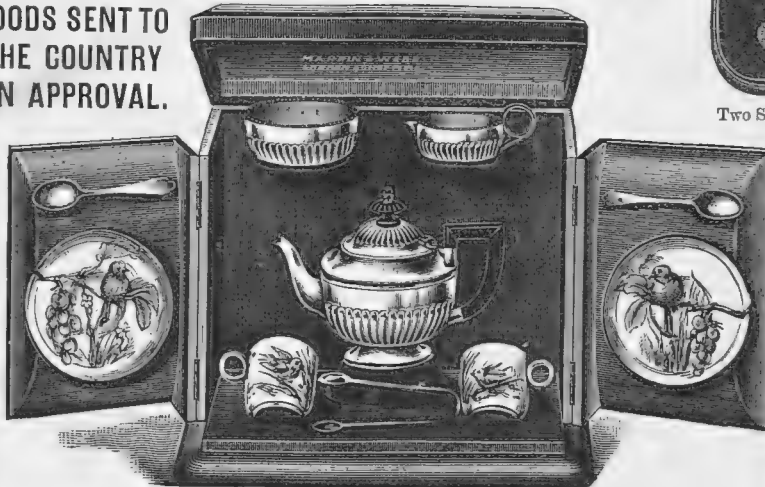


Pair Jam-Spoons in Case, Pierced and Engraved. Prince's Plate ... £0 15s. Sterling Silver ... 1 8s.

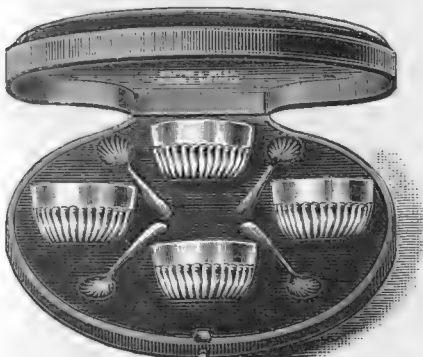


Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, Engraved Floral Pattern, in best Morocco Case, £1 13s.

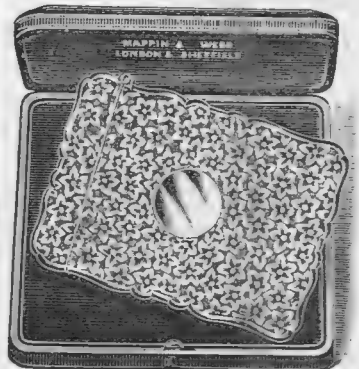
GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



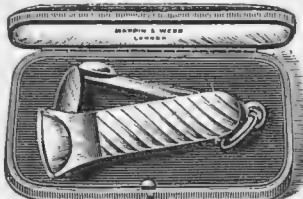
Registered Design. Sterling Silver Tea-Service, with two China Cups and Saucers, two Spoons, and Sugar-Tongs; complete in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet ... £10 10s. Same as above in Prince's Plate ... 5 5s.



Fluted Salt-Cellars and Spoons, interiors richly gilt, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet. Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver. Case of Four ... £1 10s. £3 3s. Case of Six ... £2 2s. £4 10s.



Lady's Sterling Silver Card-Case, richly Engraved, Interior richly gilt, in Morocco Case, £1 11s. 6d.

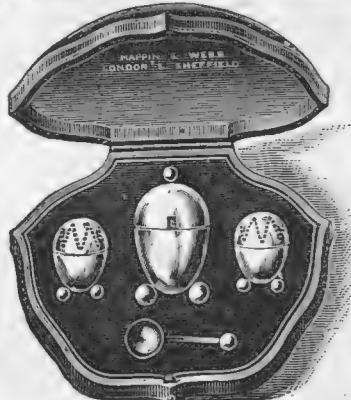


Gold Cigar-Cutter, in Case, £1 5s. Silver " " 13s. 6d.

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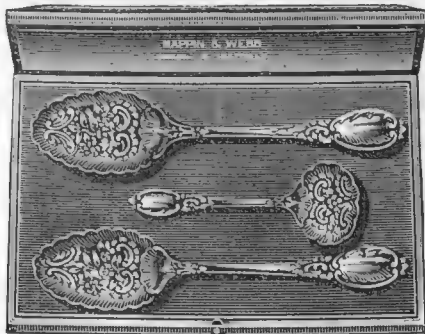
Two Sterling Silver Napkin-Rings, Chased Oak-Leaves and Acorns, Interiors richly gilt, £1 10s.



Two Sterling Silver Muffineers, Mustard-Pot, and Spoon, in Morocco Case, £2 5s.



Registered Design. Six Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea-Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet. £2 2s. The same, in Prince's Plate, £1 8s.



Prince's Plate Fruit-Spoons, with Bowls Gilt, and hand-somely ornamented in the style of Louis XV. Case 2 Spoons, £1 1s. Case 2 Spoons and Sifter, £1 10s. Case 4 Spoons and Sifter, £2 10s.

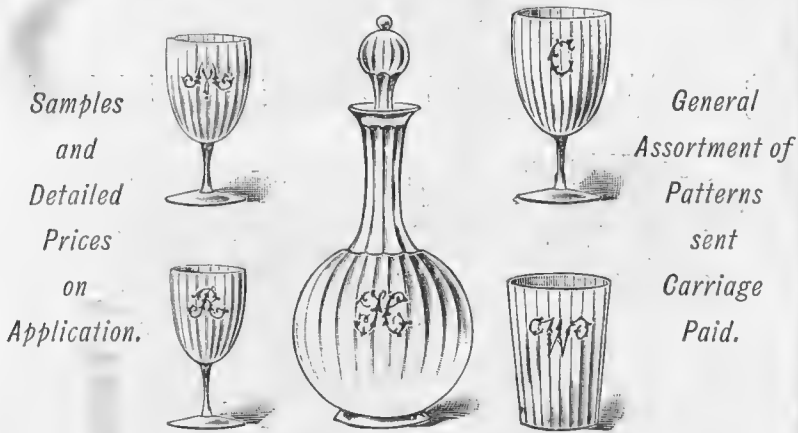
ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—  
158, OXFORD ST., W., AND 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C. (Facing the Mansion House.)  
Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



# MORTLOCKS

## GLASS AND CHINA

SERVICES, as Supplied to H.M. THE QUEEN and the European Courts.



### "NEW VENETIAN"

SERVICE OF GLASS, COMPLETE FOR 12 PERSONS,  
Warranted of the very Finest Quality, with any Single-  
Letter Monogram Beautifully Engraved,

£5 5 0

466, 468, & 470, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

"Familiar in his mouth as household words."



Facsimile of Tin containing Twenty-four Cigarettes.

## PLAYER'S NAVY-CUT CIGARETTES

ARE SELLING

By THE MILLION to THE MILLION.

Sold only in Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, & 100.

# St. Jacobs Oil

BRINGS Hope, Happiness,  
and Freedom from Pain,  
after all other treatment fails.

**CURES**  
RHEUMATISM,  
LUMBAGO,  
GOUT,  
SCIATICA,  
NEURALGIA,  
SORENESS,  
STIFFNESS,



Pains in the Back, Pains in  
Limbs, Pains in the Head,  
Pains in the Chest, and all Bodily Aches and Pains. The  
great penetrating power of ST. JACOBS OIL enables it to  
reach the seat of the disease and remove the causes of pain.  
It acts like magic!

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.

## CONQUERS PAIN!

SEASON 1894-95.

# COSTUMES

FOR

## FANCY-DRESS BALLS.

Novel and Original Designs made  
to order.

## DOMINOES.

## PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD ST.

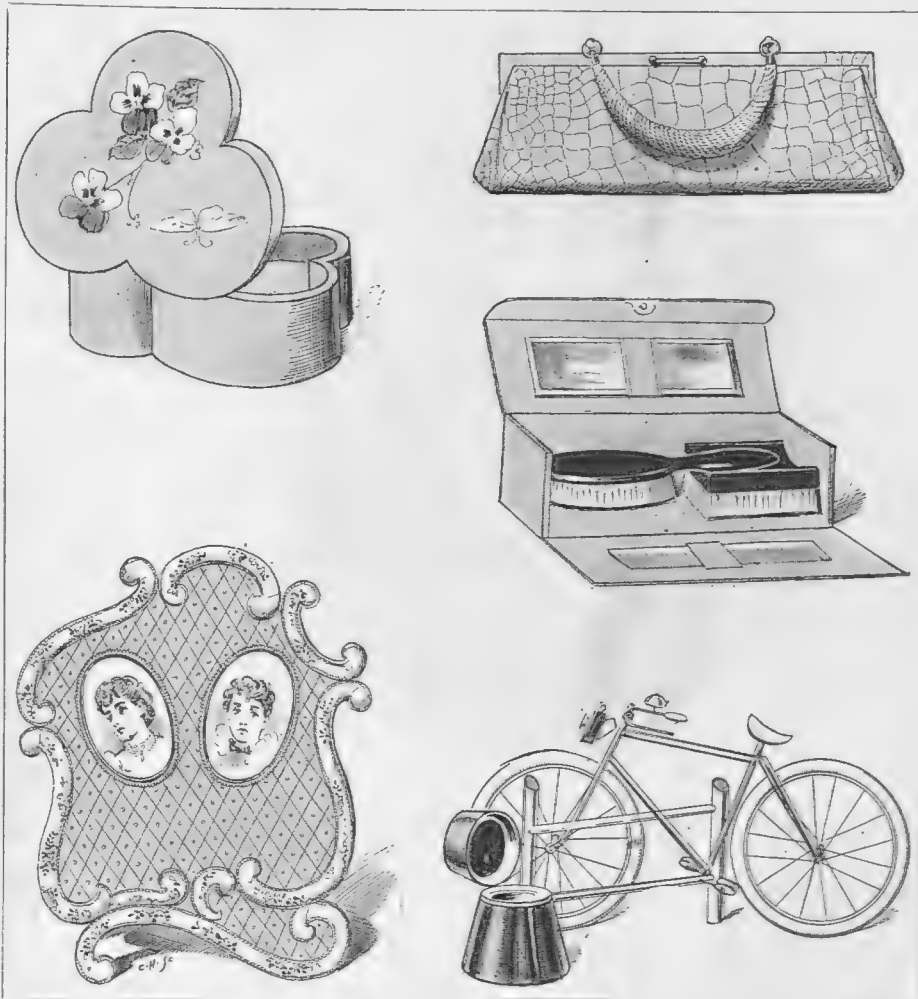


attraction there, due to the fact that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's always fascinating stock was rendered doubly so by the addition of a multitude of presents, ranging from a unique collection of old Nankin blue-and-white china of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which will alike attract connoisseurs and casual admirers of everything beautiful, to dainty little hanging pincushions in satin and plush, the price of which will be amply covered by one shilling; so surely there is something for everybody, let their tastes or their spare cash be what they may.

The small but choice selection of Chinese, Japanese, and other Oriental embroideries is likely, however, to attract special attention, and will, in due course, assist very materially in beautifying various homes in the shape of hangings, portières, table-covers, &c., while some exquisite Japanese brocaded silks and robes in silk crêpe, satin, or brocade—from 27s. 6d. to 65s. each—conjured up within my mind all kinds of visions of the most quaintly fascinating morning-robes and tea-gowns. The antique French and English clocks of infinite variety and charm, too, will also certainly have a host of enthusiastic admirers; and then, as extremes invariably meet, let me next draw your attention to the stock of useful and inexpensive dress materials, which will make excellent presents for servants and others, full dress lengths in print being obtainable for 3s. 9d., and in black wool materials from 8s. 9d., all-wool tweeds at 17s. 6d. being also wonderful value. This, too, seems a fitting opportunity to mention some really wonderful silk umbrellas, ladies' sizes, with sterling silver mounts, those with cherry and natural handles being actually only 6s. 9d., or with malacca and ebony handles 9s. 6d., prices which make them take a high place among the season's genuine bargains. Samples of these umbrellas—which are of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's own manufacture—will be forwarded on approval to any part of the kingdom, and as it is a moral certainty that everyone who sees them will immediately want to acquire one for her own special benefit, it is not likely that any of these samples will ever return to their original abiding-place, in Wigmore Street. But before the remaining stock of Christmas novelties my descriptive powers fail me, so I will just try to concentrate my energies on the articles sketched, and then on two or three things which seem to me to be worthy of your special attention. And, firstly, to all those who possess a bicycle-loving friend—the description might, in these days of the New and knickerbocker-clad Woman, apply to either sex—let me commend the inkstand which stands meekly beside a perfectly made bicycle in miniature, complete even to the little swinging lamp, and placed across a barred gate which does duty as a pen-rack. It is a pretty ornament, quite apart from its usefulness and its interest as something of a curiosity, and, best of all, it is only 17s. 6d.

Antelope skin, hand-painted with purple and yellow pansies, is utilised to form glove-boxes, handkerchief-cases, photo frames and screens, and all manner of articles for use and ornament—the jewel-box illustrated, for instance, which is sold at 22s. 6d., being lined with watered silk in a soft shade of grey exactly matching the skin; and those who only want to expend about ten shillings could not easily obtain better value for their money than a pretty suède bag in a dark shade of tan or green, held in at the top by a gold curb chain, from which depends a lucky four-leaved shamrock, another useful and pretty bag being the one illustrated, which, by the way, costs a little more money. There are numbers of people who would be delighted with the compact little brush-case in panther leather, which contains soap-case, scent-bottle, mirror, brush and comb and tooth-

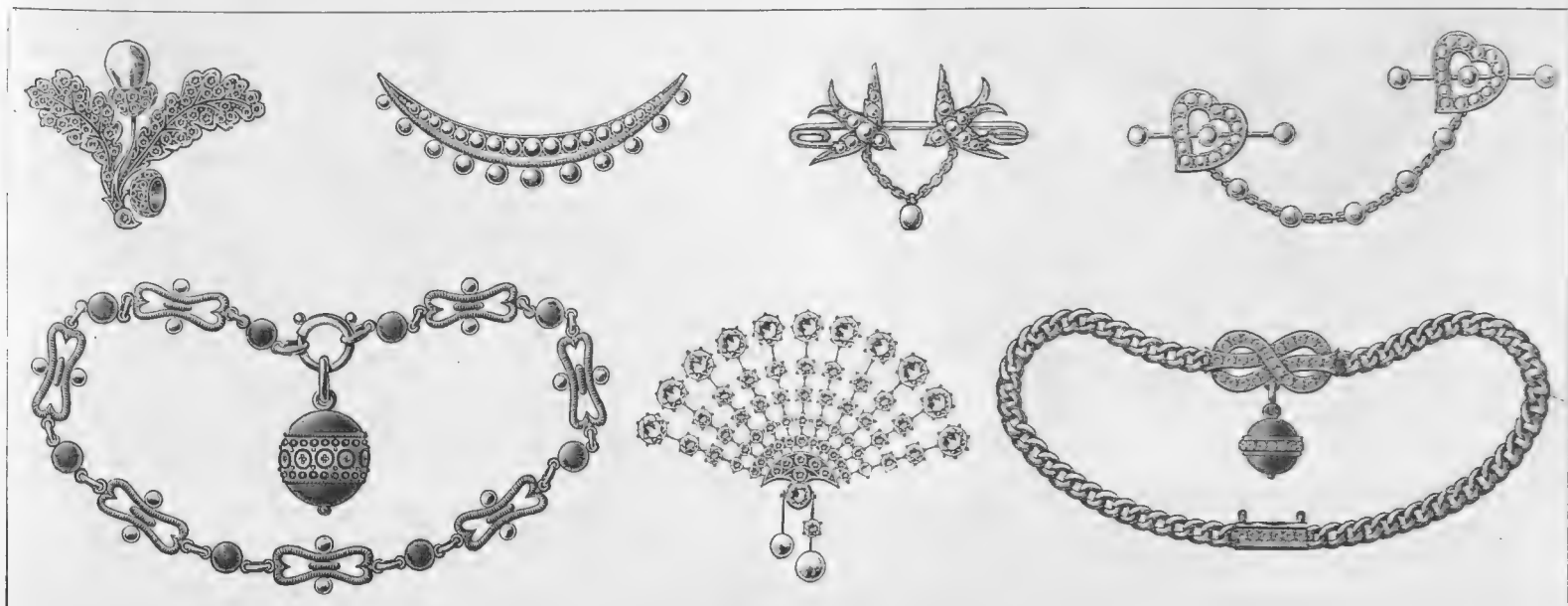
brush, and all for 15s. 9d.; and last, but by no manner of means least, there is the beautiful photograph frame (for two cabinet photographs) carried out in apple-green velvet, effectively combined with chintz brocade and gold, and sold at twenty-six shillings. I fancy that even these few examples will be sufficient to send you speeding on your way to Wigmore Street; but if you want them multiplied by the score, send by next post for a free copy of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's Christmas Present Catalogue, and looking at the illustrations of all manner of fascinating things (which



SOME OF MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

include, I must tell you, some haberdashery cabinets filled with every possible requisite for the most industrious and fully-occupied of housewives, and obtainable at 7s. 6d., half a guinea and a guinea, to say nothing of the daintiest satin sachets, and the most ingenious of pincushions), you will begin to realise what Santa Claus and I have been trying to convey to you, and that is, that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's stock of Christmas novelties is one of the most attractive and varied to be found anywhere.

Now I think that, in common fairness, jewellery should have a turn, especially as I have secured some genuine novelties for you, which you will readily recognise, I fancy, as the production of your old friends, Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 134, Regent Street, who are always ready



NEW JEWELLERY AT WILSON AND GILL'S.

with some pretty thing which would charm the money out of the purse of the veriest miser, for he would be struck—and rightly—by the conviction that he was making genuine bargains when securing such good value for such moderate prices. Where all are so good, selection becomes a difficult matter; but suppose you turn your attention to the sketches, and by their help imagine, first, an exquisite little brooch, with two



diamond-crusted oak-leaves and a pearl acorn, beside an empty diamond cup, and another in the form of a gold safety-pin, with a tiny pearl bird, with outstretched wings, poised at each side, holding up a fine gold chain, from which hangs another pearl—wonderful value certainly for £1 12s. The two pearl hearts connected by a pearl-studded chain form a charming brooch which is well worth £3 15s.; and I also fell in love with



a pearl new-moon brooch, bordered with single graduated pearls, especially as the falling-in-love process was by no means an extravagant one, but only led to the outlay of fifty shillings. Then who could resist the charm of a fine gold chain necklet, with three chain festoons in front, studded with pearls? It is a charming ornament for a young girl, and particularly cheap at £4 10s., as anyone who saw it would allow; and those in

search of bracelets would do well to give more than a passing glance to a handsome curb in dull gold, which is fastened by a large hook and eye, in which flashes a square-cut diamond. Price is generally a consideration, so I may tell you that it is only £3 10s. in this case; while a still more noteworthy bargain is a dainty little gold bangle, with a diminutive heart in red or blue enamel, surrounded by pearls, the said heart being detachable at will, and transformable, by the aid of a gold safety-pin, into a dainty little brooch—bangle and pin, in a pretty case, being all obtainable for two pounds! Notes of exclamation are certainly most useful things, for here nothing else would meet the case. While on the subject of bracelets, look at the two illustrated, one a gold curb fastened with a diamond bow, and with a pendent turquoise ball, at nine pounds, and the other a gold chain in a charming design, set with chrysoprase or turquoise, and marked at ten pounds. Then, to those with more ambitious tastes and correspondingly well-filled purses, let me commend the really beautiful brooch in the shape of a fan, in which a number of superb diamonds are utilised with excellent effect; and I also have carried away a lingering memory of a superb diamond new moon, studded with graduated turquoises, to say nothing of a turquoise-bodied tortoise, with diamond feet and head, and a parrot gorgeous in red and green enamel, its gracefully curving tail set with pearls and diamonds—about the only parrot for which I could feel a



genuine affection. And just one word before I leave you to find out the rest of Messrs. Wilson and Gill's pretty things for yourselves—I fancy that the privileges of the mistletoe would be extended to the favoured person who presented a dainty little brooch, in which the leaves of the mystic plant are composed of green enamel and the berries of pearls, while the diamond-frosted stalk adds a finishing touch to the pretty whole, value £5 10s.

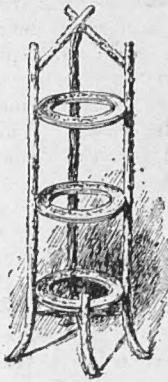
So much for the ever-popular jewellery; and now may I suggest some dainty gifts for girl friends and relations to make to each other, the place *par excellence* for their purchase being Mr. Peter Robinson's far-famed establishment, 256 to 264, Regent Street. If you make your way to the blouse department and refuse to be drawn aside by the countless attractions on every hand, you will find the three pretty things which I have had sketched for you, and which are quite capable of acting as their own trumpeters; but I would like to sound a blast on their behalf myself. The little collar-band of eau-de-Nil satin ribbon has two smart little bows in front, divided by jet sequins, while at the back there is another loosely tied bow. Three short tabs, sewn with jet sequins and cabochons and fringed with larger sequins, fall from the centre of the front, and a little touch of smartness such as this, which would literally transform the plainest gown, is actually sold at eight shillings. The "Butterfly" belt, too, is a pretty novelty, which is made in satin ribbon of any colour, the front being entirely composed of a pearl and crystal or jet butterfly, as the case may be, the curve of the wings having an exceedingly becoming effect upon the figure. This latest adaptation of the butterfly costs 13s. 6d., and is well worth its price. And for those who care to extend investigations, there is ample

[Continued on page 341.]

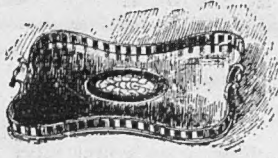


# HAMPTON & SONS' TASTEFUL, INEXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST SENT FREE.



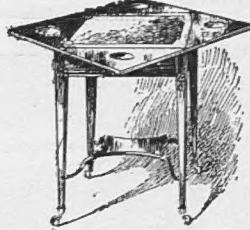
Cake-Stand, Bronzed Tea Plant, 17s. 6d.



Sheraton Inlaid Tea-Tray, 10s. 6d.



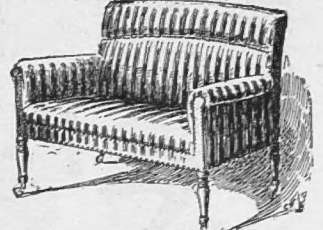
Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white and gold fluted, £1 1s.



Card-Table, Envelope Folding, £2 15s.



Floor Lamp, Wrought Iron and Copper, 14s. 6d.



Settee, in Striped Velvet, £5 18s. 6d.



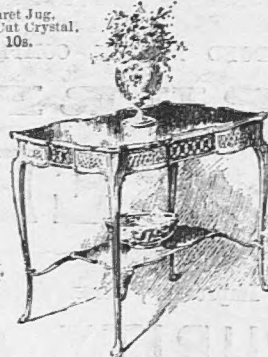
Trinket Set, 10 pieces, 7s. 9d.



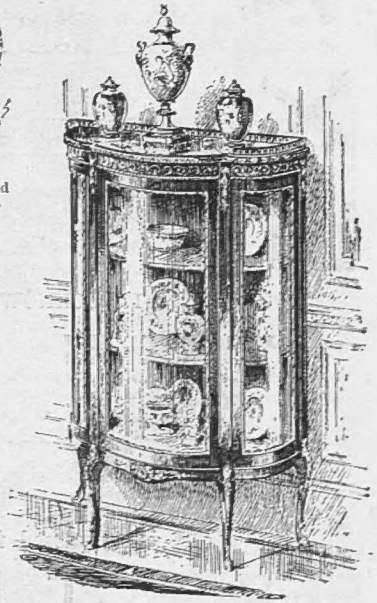
Music Seat, in Silk Tapestry, £1 19s. 6d.



Claret Jug, Fine Cut Crystal, 10s.



Occasional Table, Chippendale Mahogany, £1 19s. 6d.



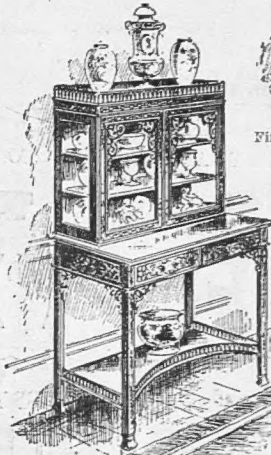
Louis XVI. China Cabinet, Brass Mounts, £6 15s.



Moorish Bureau, £1 15s.



Lady's Bureau, inlaid Rosewood, Brass Mounts, £2 18s. 6d.



China Cabinet, Chippendale Mahogany, £5 15s.

SENT FREE.—Suggestive Sketches and exact Estimates for furnishing single rooms or entire houses. HAMPTON & SONS' BOOK OF INTERIORS AND FURNITURE sent free to Applicants who contemplate Furnishing. Separately bound Departmental Sections sent to those who require only one or two articles.

CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY RAILWAY STATION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM ON ALL PURCHASES OF UPWARDS OF £1.

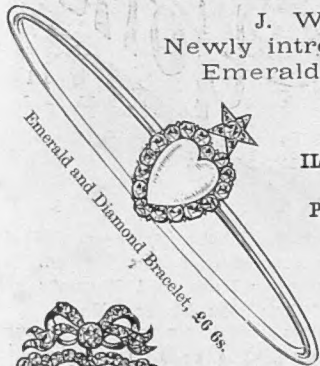
**PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.**

## BENSON'S BOND ST. NOVELTIES.

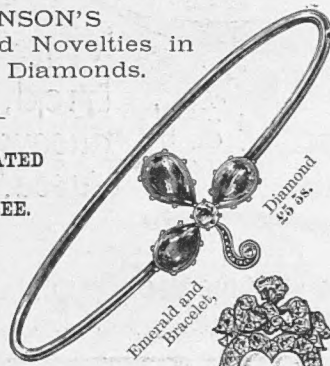
LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCK OF JEWELS IN LONDON.  
£300,000 ACCORDING TO STOCK BOOKS.

J. W. BENSON'S  
Newly introduced Novelties in  
Emeralds and Diamonds.

ILLUSTRATED  
LIST  
POST FREE.



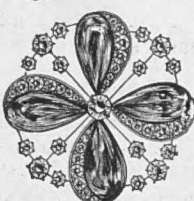
Emerald and Diamond Bracelet, 50 6s.



Emerald and Diamond Brooch, 25 5s.



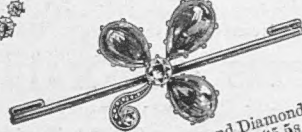
Emerald and Diamond Brooch.



Emerald and Diamonds.



Emerald and Diamond Brooch.



Emerald and Diamond Brooch, 25 5s.

### ANTIQUE JEWELS OF INDIA.

"It has been the custom from remote ages for the natives of India to wear uncut smoothly polished emeralds as charms and ornaments around the neck and in the turban.  
"These stones have been carefully guarded for generations, and consequently have very rarely been offered in the market, and on these rare occasions only in small quantities; but owing to the depreciation in value of the rupee, and also the stoppage by Government of the conversion of silver ornaments into free coinage, the natives are now beginning to disgorge the accumulation of these rare gems. Mr. Benson has succeeded in buying a large quantity of these remarkable stones at prices that make them within the reach of most ladies.  
"Mr. Benson has designed a number of pretty articles of jewellery to suit the present fashion, introducing and still retaining the original features of these ancient and unique stones, and by slightly re-cutting, has adapted them to European tastes.  
"The great difficulties of designing ornaments, owing to the stones having been drilled some part, has been cleverly overcome by the artist, who has succeeded in producing most beautiful jewels of perfect taste and utility."—Lady's Pictorial, Nov. 24, 1894.

**J. W. BENSON, 25, OLD BOND ST., W.**

## SHOWERPROOF

A REVOLUTION IN THE VELVETEEN TRADE

Rainproof  
The  
**M.J.C.**  
MILLERAIN



**VELVETEEN.**

MADE IN ALL ART SHADES AND COLOURS.  
Guaranteed J. & J. M. Worrall's Best Dye and Finish.

EACH PIECE IS STAMPED EVERY HALF-YARD.  
To be had from all first-class Drapers.



# LIEBIG "COMPANY'S" EXTRACT OF BEEF



IS ACKNOWLEDGED BY ALL COMPETENT AUTHORITIES TO BE INVALUABLE FOR MAKING  
**THE PUREST, THE BEST BEEF TEA.**

Unsurpassed for Improving, Strengthening, and Flavouring Soups, Sauces, Gravies, and Made Dishes.

**PERFECT PURITY ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.**

The COMPANY'S COOKERY BOOK sent free on application to

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY, Limited, 9, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.

MADAME FAREY,



THE "ALIX" HAT.

Price 25s.

Millinery sent on approbation on receipt of deposit.

231, REGENT STREET, W.

**ATKINSON'S  
WHITE ROSE.**

"A charming Scent."— "The sweetest  
H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

ATKINSON'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.  
**"Lanoline"**  
 Toilet "Lanoline".....6s. & 1/2.  
 "Lanoline" Soap.....6s. & 1/2.  
 "Lanoline" Pomade....1/6.  
 & Cold Cream.

"Once  
tried,  
always  
used."

Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better  
for the complexion.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

**ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL**



Has been for 100 years unsurpassed as the best and safest preserver and beautifier of the hair, and is far preferable to other hair-restorers, which are really progressive dyes, and deposit a sediment on the scalp which fills up the pores; it preserves and

**BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR,**

arrests baldness, removes scurf, and is the best Brilliantine for the whiskers and moustaches. Also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-haired ladies and children. Pure grease is an absolute necessity for nourishing and preserving the hair; all experts now recognise this fact—ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL is the best for the purpose.

BOTTLES, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

**ROWLANDS' ODONTO.**

An Antiseptic, Preservative, and Aromatic Dentrifice, which Prevents and Arrests Decay. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter, or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, and is the most wholesome Tooth-Powder for Smokers. It is most delightfully perfumed, and is a perfect luxury for the toilet-table of all who value the appearance of their teeth.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, 2s. 9d.

**SMART MILLINERY**

Always the Leading  
Fashions & Prettiest  
Novelties

**Yorke**  
in  
French  
and English  
Millinery.

Madame Yorke invites a visit to her new Show-rooms to view the charming Hats and Bonnets she has brought from Paris.

40 (late 51), CONDUIT ST.,  
BOND STREET, W.

Note change in address.

**LADIES AVOID CHILLS**



By ordering one of our charming, most practical  
**WOOL or CHENILLE CAPES.**  
They do not slip off like Shawls, nor do they hinder the movements.

The Best Article to be worn in the House, Theatre at Parties, &c. Write to-day for Illustrated Price List, sent gratis. Mention SKETCH.

**KNITTED CORSET CO.**  
118, Mansfield Road, NOTTINGHAM.



reward in the shape of all manner of dainty collarettes and fichus, one of the prettiest being a full collar of curled ostrich feathers tied in front with a velvet bow, and caught in here and there with velvet rosettes, alternating with bunches of violets, another, in pink satin ribbon, having a double bow in front, fastened by a paste buckle, the back being tied in an apparently careless knot, which yet manages to conceal a large amount of art. The price of this latter is ten shillings. But the blouse must have a share of notice now, and it merits a particularly large one. It is composed of a new fabric—mousseline brillante—just brought over from Paris, the effect of the shimmering white surface being exceedingly lovely. The sleeves, which are charming, are composed of deep elbow puffs, caught in down the middle with cascade frills of embroidered chiffon, in which nestles a bunch of dark-hued violets, a cluster of the same flowers, entwined with black velvet ribbon, appearing on the left shoulder. The slight décolletage is bordered with a narrow ruching, and bands of broad black velvet ribbon are threaded in and out of the fulness beneath. A black velvet waistband completes the pretty picture, and as this blouse would be certain to suit even the most fastidious tastes, and it is only two guineas, Santa Claus joins me in recommending it specially to present-seekers. If greater simplicity is desired, you can obtain it, combined with exceptional prettiness and cheapness, in a delightful 31s. 6d. blouse of spotted muslin, in creamy white or colours, with transparent yoke and cuffs of butter-coloured guipure, interspersed with ruchings of the muslin; but, in fact, Mr. Peter Robinson has catered for all tastes, with the success of one who has had his finger on the pulse of the feminine public for many a long day. Quaintly lovely antique fans, side by side with beautiful specimens of modern ingenuity, will all be certain to claim your attention when you arrive at his Regent Street premises, but, though your purchases are likely to be extended, make sure first of one or other—or, better still, all—of these particular attractions.

FLORENCE.

### AN OVERHEAD ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Since the old alchemists gave up hunting for the philosopher's stone there has been no force from which more has been expected than electricity. Everyone has seen its wonders in the telephone and



HERCULANEUM DOCK STATION: THE SOUTHERN TERMINUS.

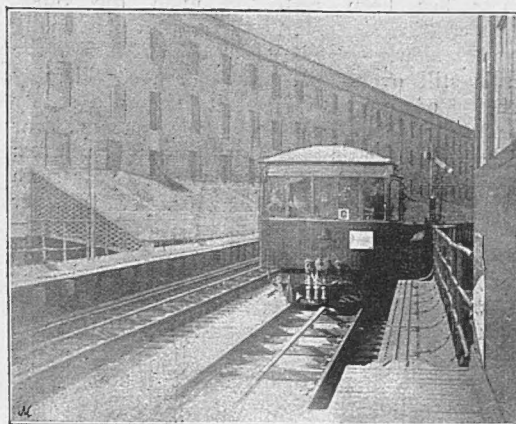
telegraph, and everyone has jumped to the conclusion that there is no end to the purposes to which this mysterious force may be applied. That there is a limit all scientists know, but they know also that that limit is not reached yet.

One of the uses to which electricity might have been applied, that of traction, has until lately been too much neglected, but the completion of two electric railways in London and Liverpool has now proved that the force can be relied on as an economical and efficient substitute for the steam-engine. The Liverpool Overhead Railway is remarkable, firstly, because it is the only overhead line in Great Britain, and, secondly, for its system of electric running. Liverpool, with its seven miles of docks, found a rapid communication from one to the other absolutely essential, and so in 1889 the present railway was begun, under the auspices of the Dock Board. With the exception of a "switchback" run under a railway line, the whole seven miles of double line is an iron structure. Unlike the American "elevated," the Liverpool Overhead runs on a solid iron floor, to which the rails are directly bolted. This floor is supported by plate-iron girders of 50 ft. span, resting on upright iron pillars. Here and there, where a longer span is necessary, bowstring girders, 100 ft. in length, are used.

The carriage of big ships' boilers into the docks necessitated an arrangement for letting them through; so there are at three suitable points counterpoised swing-bridges, which are opened at night by hydraulic machinery.

One of the most expensive bits of the line is where the entrance to Stanley Dock is crossed by a double-decked swing-bridge, the upper

level being for the railway and the lower for the roadway. This bridge, with its elaborate machinery and electric connections, cost £20,000 before it was completed. Almost everything is done by electricity; the stations, of which there are thirteen, are brilliantly lit by electricity, and an automatic electric signalling system is in force, by which each train does its own signalling.



END VIEW OF APPROACHING TRAIN.

The electric power installation consists of powerful dynamos, driven by four steam-engines, each of 400 horsepower, and occupying considerable space in the vaults under an adjacent railway. From the dynamo-room the power is passed on to the permanent

way by a flat steel rail, which is continued north and south on insulated supports between each pair of rails through the whole length of line. Each train picks up its power from this rail by means of a metal brush, which, when lowered on to the conductor, transmits the electricity to an electric motor on the wheels, from which the return current escapes by the ordinary lines of rail.

Each train is made up of two saloon cars for first and second class passengers, from which the glass side-walls allow a view of the docks and the Mersey. A space about four feet square is partitioned off at the forward end for the driver, but all the other space is available for passengers. A speed of forty miles an hour can be attained if necessary, but the passenger will usually do the run in twenty minutes for the small fare of twopence. Since the line was opened by Lord Salisbury in 1893 it has become very popular, both among labourers who use it for their convenience, and visitors to Liverpool who use it as a means of viewing the wonderful dock accommodation of the Mersey Port. The easy running and absence of smoke and dirt make one hope that the day is not far distant when electric traction will be in use on the great railroads of the country.

### TRANSCIENCE.

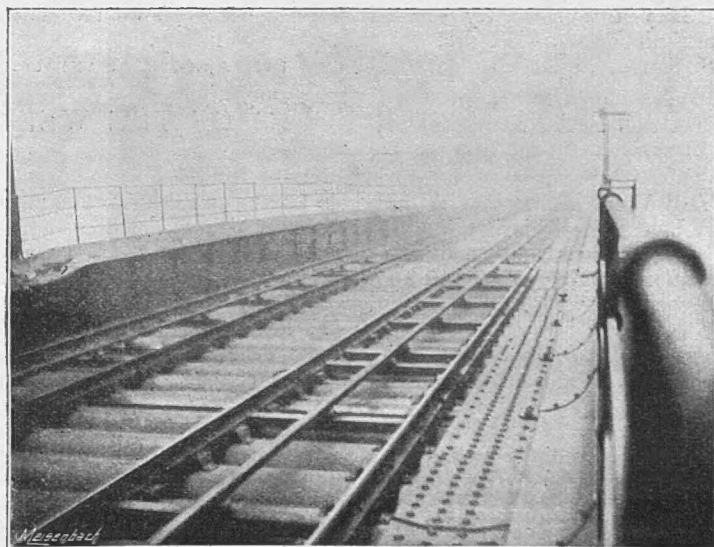
The linnet pipes amid the silent leaves  
That crown the steep,  
Softly the bosom of the water heaves  
In dreamless sleep.

Far in the west, beyond the purple haze  
Mantling the wold,  
The jewelled 'broideries of the sunset blaze  
On cloth of gold.

This is a holy hour, a charmed clime,  
With beauty blest:  
Canst thou not here unfold thy wings, O Time,  
And with us rest?

Ah, no! the night shrouds sky, and sea, and shore;  
A chilling air—  
Cling closer, child, and kiss me o'er and o'er;  
Thou, too, art fair!

NIMMO CHRISTIE.



THE DOUBLE LINE OF RAILS AND PERMANENT WAY.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Dec. 8, 1894.

All the week business has been restricted upon the Stock Exchange, but there are not wanting signs that the period of abnormally cheap money is slowly—very slowly—passing away, for, although the Bank's stock of bullion is still over-large, it has been considerably depleted, and the percentage of assets to liabilities shows a steady decline. For months the rates obtainable for day-to-day money, dear Sir, have hardly paid the cost of a clerk's time in keeping the accounts; but, unless the unexpected happens, we shall early in the new year see a steady change towards more reasonable prices than 5s. per cent. per annum for loanable capital.

The Bank has been buying Consols, because it cannot find anything else to do with its spare cash; but, of course, it will have to run the risk of the price going lower, in which case it may regret that the money was not locked up in its vaults, for what is gained in interest will be more than lost in capital value. Silver keeps dropping away, partly because nobody wants to buy it, and partly because it is now almost certain China will want a large gold loan, and the probability of Japan taking the opportunity to change its currency from a silver to a gold basis. The serious effect of this depreciation of the white metal is felt in the dividends of companies like the Great Indian Peninsula, which collect their takings in silver, and have to distribute them in gold, while it is also an open question as to how long a country like Mexico—where the Government will admittedly strain every nerve to keep faith with its creditors—can carry on if the fall goes much farther.

We hinted to you, dear Sir, last week, that Colonial Governments were, in some cases, not dealing quite fairly with the English investor, and several stocks have slumped since we wrote, especially Victorians, to which we called your attention as one of the worst offenders. Our feeling about the majority of the Australian stocks is that they have reached prices at which prudent persons would do well to let "some other fellow" take what profit there may be left in them, especially considering the chances of the Labour party capturing the House of Representatives in more than one province.

Home Rails have continued dull, and, as a rule, the traffics have been very disappointing; but Caledonians and North British show up well, and will continue to do so for the rest of the year, while we quite expect that Brighton A. will be put up by what is called "shop" buying; for the recognised agents of the inside ring have been persistently talking "bear," which makes us feel very suspicious of their real intentions, especially as there is a distinct tendency to pick up stock wherever it is offered.

There was quite a revival in American Rails to-day, but how long it will last is very doubtful, for whatever business there is comes from New York, and meets with little support on this side.

Grand Trunks had a sharp rise on the announcement that "financial arrangements have been made which secure the due payment of the interest on the debentures during the coming year." This, of course, means that some of the debentures which remain unissued have been used to borrow upon, and does not really improve the position; but the inevitable receivership will, no doubt, be put off a little longer by this and other devices to raise the wind. We hear the directors have "caved in" about the independent examination of the accounts, although this is probably only some new dodge of Sir Henry Tyler to prolong his days of office.

To give you some idea of the enormous size of the last account in the African market—or, more properly, the Kaffir circus—we may mention that one firm of Jew brokers who have a considerable Paris connection are said to have taken over £32,000 in commissions, while we know they managed to negotiate an order for the sale of 40,000 Frank Johnstone shares in a day and a half, and returned their clients about twenty-one shillings a share as the average price.

The set-back in this market is only what might have been expected after so general a rise, and it is not likely, in our opinion, to go very far. If you want to try something fresh, dear Sir, we recommend Geldenhuis Estate.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

**THE WEST AUSTRALIAN LOAN AND GENERAL FINANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.**—This is a finance company which will make its profits out of floatations and such-like operations. The memorandum of association is wide enough to embrace all things, not only on earth but in heaven or—well, Hades as well—so subscribing for the £100,000 ordinary shares now offered, is very much like taking a participation in some outside broker's blind pool. A great deal is printed in red ink about the "Wealth of Nations" mine, but on carefully reading the prospectus, the investor will find that the option which this concern makes so much of, is on an adjoining property, and not the famous mine whose name is so freely used. We do not like blind pools, and if we go in for one we like to have all the profit as well as all the risk, so that the offer of ordinary shares, which have to divide with certain founders', appears by no means tempting. Surely, to make the affair complete, Mr. Leopold Salomons (late of the Trustees Corporation) should have been engaged as managing director.

**THE SALISBURY REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED,** is offering £50,000 £1 shares. The company promises well, and is clearly a fair mining risk; but if Mr. Cecil Rhodes opened the battery in October, 1893, it is at least peculiar that the crushings since that time have not been given in the prospectus.

**THE ELECTROPHONE, LIMITED,** is circulating a prospectus offering 2,450 shares of £5 each to a confiding and foolish public. We do not suppose any reasonable person will be found to part with his money, despite the fact that a real live Lord has consented to act as chairman, although, if we mistake not, he sits on the board of a very unfortunate company not unconnected with some of the people appearing on this prospectus. The idea of four people habitually sitting in a box and listening to operas, sacred music, &c., at the rate of one shilling for each fifteen minutes would be funny, if it were not that people who can ill afford it will, perhaps, lose their money in the shares of this precious concern.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

*Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SENEX.**—Your letter has really nothing to do with matters which we profess to consider, but we do not think you would be safe in trusting the gentleman whose prospectus you refer to. We advise you to inquire through Stubbs as to both Mr. R. and also the person whose name he gives as a reference. It is a certainty that you will be "done" out of your money, for if the results are so astonishing he would have no need of your money.

**L.**—Neither of the answers you quote refer to the bank mentioned by you. You can't help holding your shares, for they are hardly saleable since the call. The concern is practically a Government institution now, and there is no fear of a smash. If you can afford it, acquire a few more to average.

**MEDICO.**—As a market operation these shares may rise, but we believe them to be rubbish of the worst kind.

**ALMA.**—(1) Hold on; the present set-back in the mining market will not amount to much. (2) The American market is in such a state that we cannot advise further purchases. (3) We should realise your Colonials, and reinvest in good Colonial Corporation stocks, some first-class brewery debentures, and, perhaps, Goldfields of South Africa debentures.

**SAFETY.**—(1) Imperial Continental Gas stock is the very thing for you, as it is a steady stock, paying well over 5 per cent. (2) If you want a speculation in Home Rails, buy Brighton A. stock, which will be ex div. in under two months. (3) The difficulty of the Indian railway you mention, is the fear of an even further decline in silver, and hence in the exchange.

**O. Y.**—Why you want to invest in Charters Towers mines, which have a limited market, we cannot understand, but "the wilful child must have his way," we suppose. Brilliant and St. George United, Brilliant Block, and Kelly's Queen Block are among the best concerns, and all fair mining risks. Mill's Day Dawn United, which we recommended about par, and which is dealt in freely here, is better than any local property we know of. Even at thirty shillings these shares are cheap.

**O. P. Q.**—We are sorry for you. Write it off as a bad debt, and thank Mr. H. F. Pollock and Mr. Coleman for your loss. The only thing certain is that you will never see a penny of your money back again.

**W. H. H.**—(1) We advise no dealings with the firm you mention. (2 and 3) Fair industrial risks, with very limited market—which means that it is easier to buy than sell out if you want your money back. (4) Don't touch these shares. (5) There are many better dairy companies. (6) There is a liability on the shares, but at a reasonable price they are a fair risk. (7) We don't think much of these shares. You say you are a beginner, and we advise you to have nothing to do with the semi-rubbish which these advertising touts puff so much. Once you have bought you will have great difficulty in selling. If you like to communicate with us privately we will furnish you with the name of a respectable firm of Stock Exchange brokers, and select some suitable industrial shares. (See Rule 5.)

**WILLIS.**—We don't think much of this mine except as a "bear"-squeezing machine. You had far better buy some active African shares, such as Geldenhuis Estate, for a rise. It is very probable that the account in Londonderry is oversold, and if so there might be a smart rise when the settlements come about, but this is, of course, a doubtful thing to gamble for.

**O. S. J.**—We would not trust the people whose advertisement you send us with a penny of our money. It is a money-lending establishment, which retails your deposits on bills of sale and such-like securities, and charges the borrowers probably about 60 per cent.

The recent great sale of Burnay ports has enabled the large buyers to offer the public some wonderful bargains in that still popular wine. Messrs. Spencer, Turner, and Boldero, of Lisson Grove, offer a really good full-bodied, blood-making wine at the low price of 24s. the dozen, and they quote a Solera-like sherry at 27s., which is equally good value.